

THE
LITERARY MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN REGISTER.

Vol. VII.

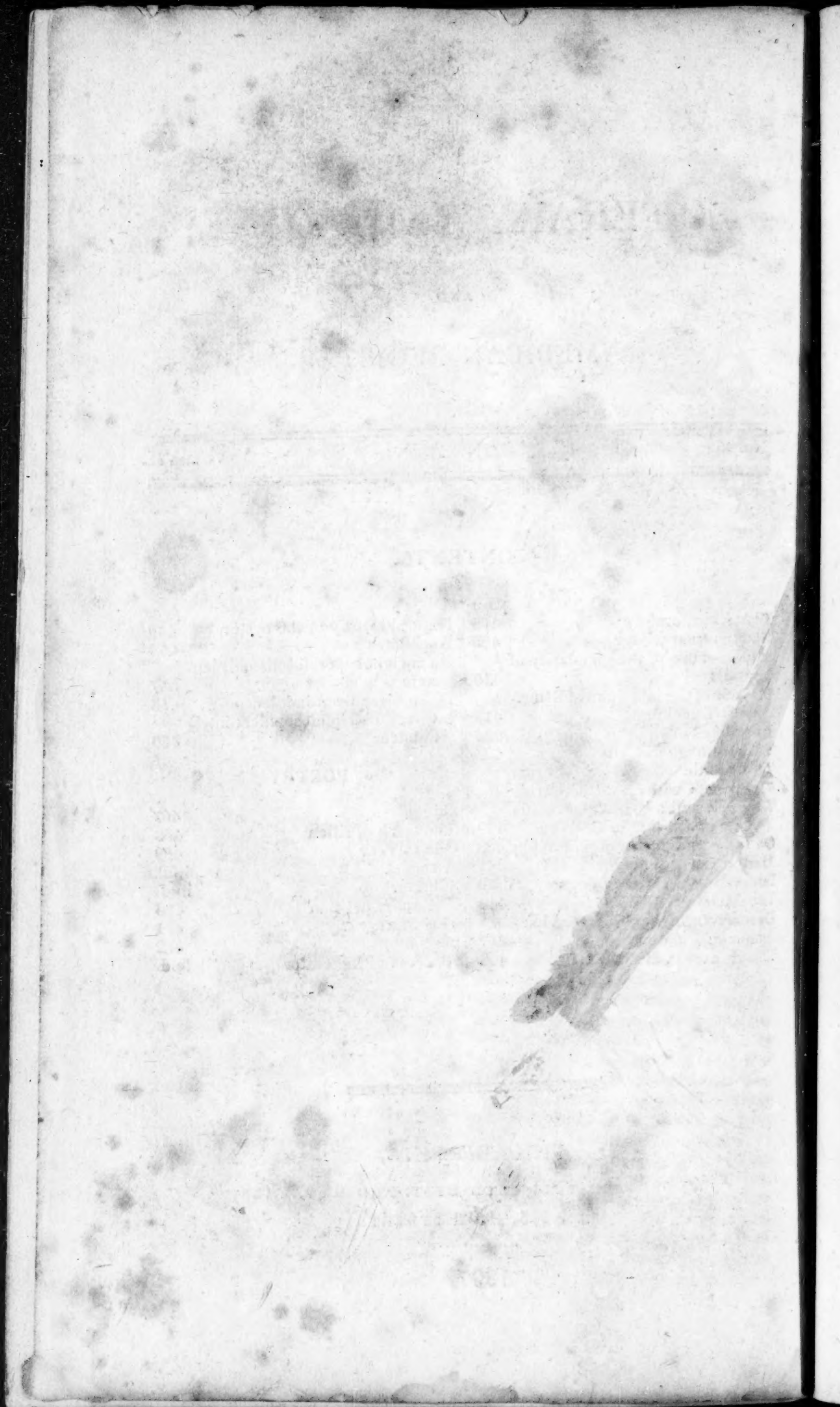
CONTENTS.

Classical literature	page 403	Natural history of the oyster	page 449
Thoughts on winter	408	Anecdotes	452
On the cause of the popularity of novels	410	On ancient superstitions and manners	457
Memoir of the late duke of Brunswick-Luneburg	413	Dissuasives from indolence	458
Anecdotes of Boileau	424	Literary and philosophical intelligence	460
The language of birds	427		
Traits of the character of Burns, the poet : with extracts from his letters, and a comparison of his genius with that of Cowper	429	POETRY.	
On the presumption of philosophy	438	Ode	467
Mediterranean current	441	The tomb of Ellen	468
Interesting account of dogs	ibid.	Ode to Fear	469
The Melange, No. VI	444	A sonnet	ibid.
Description of the celebrated harbour of Rio de Janeiro	447	Summer	ibid.
The Reflector, No. XVIII	448	The goose petition	470
		The wintery day	471
		Song	472
		Address of the editor	ibid.

PHILADELPHIA,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY T. AND G. PALMER,
NO. 116, HIGH STREET.

1807.



THE
LITERARY MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 45.

JUNE, 1807

VOL. VII.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

Concluded from page 393.

WHEN I add the name of Lucan, I must confess that no author of antiquity, that I know, would have so much power to seduce my feelings, in respect of moral greatness, into a train not coincident with christianity. His leading characters are widely different from those of Homer, and of a greatly superior order. The mighty genius of Homer appeared and departed in a rude age of the human mind, a stranger to the intellectual enlargement which would have enabled him to combine in his heroes the dignity of thought, instead of mere physical force, with the energy of passion. For want of this, they are great heroes without being great *men*. They appear to you only as tremendous fighting and destroying animals; a kind of human mammoths. The rude efforts of personal conflict are all they can understand and admire, and in their warfare their minds never reach to any of the sublimer results even of war; their chief and final object seems to be the mere savage glory of fighting, and the annihilation of

their enemies. When the heroes of Lucan, both the depraved and the nobler class, are employed in war, it seems but a small part of what they can do and what they intend; they have always something further and greater in view than to evince their valour, or to riot in the vengeance of victory. Even the ambition of Pompey and Cæsar seems almost to become a grand passion, when compared to the contracted as well as detestable aim of Homer's chiefs; while this passion too is confined to narrow and vulgar designs, in comparison with the views which actuated Cato and Brutus.—The contempt of death, which in the heroes of the Iliad often seems like an incapacity or an oblivion of thought, is in Lucan's favourite characters the result, or at least the associate, of profound reflection; and this strongly contrasts their courage with that of Homer's warriors, which is (according indeed to his own frequent similes) the daring of wild beasts. Lucan sublimates martial into moral grandeur. Even

if you could deduct from his great men all that which forms the specific display of the hero, you would find their greatness undiminished; they would be commanding and interesting men still. The better class of them, amidst war itself, hate and deplore the spirit and ferocious exploits of war. They are indignant at the vices of mankind for compelling *their virtue* into a career in which such sanguinary glories can be acquired. And while they deem it their duty to exert their courage in a just cause, they regard camps and battles as vulgar things, from which their thoughts often turn away into a train of solemn contemplations, in which they rise sometimes to the empyreal region of sublimity. You have a more absolute impression of grandeur from a speech of Cato, than from all the mighty exploits that epic poetry ever blazoned. The eloquence of Lucan's moral heroes does not consist in images of triumphs and conquests, but in reflections on virtue, sufferings, destiny, and death; and the sentiments expressed in his own name have often a melancholy tinge which renders them irresistibly interesting. He might seem to have felt a presage, while musing on the last of the Romans, that their poet was soon to follow them. The reader becomes devoted both to the poet and to these illustrious men; but, under the influence of this attachment, he adopts all their sentiments, and exults in the sympathy; forgetting, or unwilling, to reflect, whether this state of feeling is concordant with the religion of Christ, and with the spirit of the apostles and martyrs. The most seducing of Lucan's sentiments, to a mind enamoured of pensive sublimity, are those concerning death. I remember the very principle which I would wish to inculcate, that is, the necessity that a believer of the gospel should preserve the christian style of feeling predominant in his mind, and clear of every incongruous mixture, having struck me with great force

amidst the enthusiasm with which I read many times over the memorable account of Vulteius, the speech by which he inspired his gallant band with a passion for death, and the reflections on death with which the poet closes the episode. I said to myself with a sensation of conscience, What are these sentiments with which I am burning? Are these the just ideas of death? Are they such as were taught by our Lord? Is this the spirit with which St. Paul approached his last hour? And I felt a painful collision between this reflection and the passion inspired by the poet. I perceived with the clearest certainty that the kind of interest which I felt was no less than a real adoption, for the time, of the very same sentiments by which he was animated.

The epic poetry has been selected for the principal subject of my remarks, from the conviction that it has had a much greater influence on the moral sentiments of succeeding ages than all the other poetry of antiquity, by means of its impressive display of individual great characters. And it will be admitted, I believe, that the moral spirit of the epic poets, taken together, is as little in opposition to the christian theory of moral sentiments as that of the collective poetry of other kinds. The Greek tragedies abound with just and elevated sentiments, tending to lead the mind to the same habits of thought as the best of the pagan didactic moralists. And these sentiments are more forcibly impressed by means of being accompanied with a well-combined series of action, than they could be by mere moral writing. They are however far less powerfully impressed by the happiest combination of dramatic action than by such striking and sublime individual characters as those of epic poetry. It would seem not to have been the design of the ancient tragic poets, nor to have been allowed by their critical laws, to introduce such sublime characters. The mind of the reader does not retain for months

and years an animated recollection of some personage whose name incessantly recalls the sentiments which he uttered, or which his conduct made us feel. Still, however, the moral spirit of the Greek tragedies acts with a considerable force on a susceptible mind; and if there should be but half as great a difference between the quality of the instructions which they will impart, and the principles of evangelic morality, as there was between the religious knowledge and moral spirit of poets who wrote and contended for their own fame in Greece, and the divine illumination and noble character of those apostles that opened a commission from heaven to transform the world, the student may have some cause to be careful lest his Athenian morality should disincline him to the doctrines of a better school.

I shall not dwell long on the biography and history, since it appears to me that their influence is very nearly coincident with that of the epic poetry. The work of Plutarch, the chief of the biographers (a work so necessary, it would seem, to the consolations of a christian, that I think I have read of some author who did not profess to disbelieve the New Testament, declaring, that if he were to be cast on a desert island, and could have one book, and but one, it should be this), the work of Plutarch delineates a greatness partly of the same character as that celebrated by Homer, and partly of the far more dignified and intellectual kind which is so commanding in the great men of Lucan, several of whom, indeed, are the subjects also of the biographer. Various distinctions might, no doubt, be remarked in the impression made by great characters as exhibited in poetry, and as presented in the simple historical form: but I am persuaded that the habits of feeling which will grow from admiring the one or the other, will be substantially the same as to a cordial reception of the religion of Christ.

A number of the men displayed

by the biographers and historians, rose so eminently above the general character of the human race, that their names have become inseparably associated with our ideas of moral greatness. A thoughtful student of antiquity enters this majestic company with an impression of mystical awfulness, resembling that of Ezekiel in his vision. This select and revered assembly includes only those who were distinguished by elevated virtue, as well as powerful talents and memorable actions: undoubtedly the stupendous powers and energy without moral excellence, so often displayed on the field of ancient history, compel a kind of prostration of the soul in the presence of men, whose surpassing achievements seem to silence, for a while, and but for a while, the sense of justice which must execrate their ambition and their crimes. But where greatness of mind seems but secondary to greatness of virtue, as in the examples of Phocion, Epaminondas, Aristides, Timoleon, Dion, and a considerable number more, the heart applauds itself for feeling an irresistible captivation. This number indeed is small, compared with the whole enumeration of renowned names; but it is large enough to fill the mind, and to give as venerable an impression of pagan greatness, as if none of its examples had been the heroes, whose fierce brilliance lightens through the blackness of their depravity; or the legislators, orators, and philosophers, whose wisdom was degraded by hypocrisy, venality, or vanity.

A most impressive part of the influence of ancient character on modern feelings is derived from the accounts of two or three of the greatest philosophers, whose virtue, protesting and solitary in the times in which they lived, whose intense devotedness to the pursuit of wisdom, and whose occasional sublime glimpses of thought darting beyond the sphere of error in which they were enclosed and benighted, present them to the mind with something like the venerableness of the prophets of

God. Among the exhibitions of this kind, it is unnecessary to say that Xenophon's Memoir of Socrates stands unrivalled and above comparison.

Sanguine spirits without number have probably been influenced in modern times by the ancient history of mere heroes; but persons of a reflective disposition have been incomparably more affected by the contemplation of those men, whose combination of mental power with illustrious virtue constitutes the supreme glory of heathen antiquity. And why do I deem the admiration of this noble display of moral excellence pernicious to these reflective minds, in relation to the religion of Christ? For the simplest possible reason; because the principles of that excellence are not identical with the principles of this religion; as I believe every serious and self-observant man who has been attentive to them both, will have verified in his own experience. He has felt the animation which pervaded his soul, in musing on the virtues, the sentiments, and the great actions, of these dignified men, suddenly expiring, when he has attempted to prolong or transfer it to the virtues, sentiments, and actions, of the apostles of Jesus Christ. Sometimes he has, with mixed wonder and indignation, remonstrated with his own feelings, and has said, I know there is the highest excellence in the religion of the Messiah, and in the characters of his most magnanimous followers; and surely it is *excellence* also that attracts me to those other illustrious men; why then cannot I take a full delightful interest in them both? But it is all in vain; he finds this amphibious devotion impossible. And he will always find it so; for, antecedently to experience, it would be obvious that the order of sentiments which was the life and soul of the one form of excellence, is extremely distinct from that which is the animating spirit of the other. If the whole system of a christian's sentiments is required to be exactly ad-

justed to the economy of redemption, they must be widely different from those of the men, however wise or virtuous, who never thought or heard of the Saviour of the world; else, where is the peculiarity or importance of this new dispensation, which does however both avow and manifest a most extreme peculiarity, and with which Heaven has connected the signs and declarations of its being of infinite importance? If, again, a christian's grand object and solicitude is to please God, this must constitute his moral excellence (even though the *facts* were the same), of a very different nature from that of the men, who had no god that they cared to please, and whose highest glory it might possibly become, that they boldly differed from their gods; as Lucan undoubtedly intended it as the most emphatical applause of Cato, that he was the inflexible patron and hero of the cause which the gods doomed to ruin. If humility is required to be a chief characteristic in a christian's mind, he is here again placed in a state of contrariety to that love of glory which accompanied, and was applauded as a virtue while it accompanied, almost all the moral greatness of the heathens. If a christian lives for eternity, and advances towards death with the certain expectation of judgment, and of a new and awful world, how different must be the essential quality of his serious sentiments, as partly created, and totally pervaded, by this mighty anticipation, from the order of feeling of the virtuous heathens, who had no clear or sublime expectations beyond death! The interior essences, if I may so speak, of the two kinds of excellence, sustained or produced by these two systems of thought, are so different, that they will hardly be more convertible or compatible in the same mind than even excellence and depravity. Now it appears to me that the enthusiasm, with which a mind of deep and thoughtful sensibility dwells on the history of sages, virtuous legislators, and the noblest

class of heroes, of heathen antiquity, will be found to beguile that mind into an order of sentiments congenial with theirs, and therefore thus seriously different from the spirit and principles of christianity*. It is not exactly that the judgment admits distinct pagan propositions, but the heart insensibly acquires a unison with many of the sentiments which *imply* those propositions, and are wrong unless those propositions are right. It forgets that a different state of feeling, corresponding to a vastly different scheme of propositions, is appointed by the Sovereign Judge of all things as (with relation to *us*) an indispensable preparation for entering the eternal paradise†; and that now, no moral distinctions, however splendid, are excellence in his sight, if not conformed to this standard. It slides into a persuasion that, under *any* economy, to be exactly like one of these heathen examples would be a competent qualification for any world to which good spirits are to be assigned. The devoted admirer contemplates them as the most enviable specimens of his nature, and almost wishes he could have been one of them, without reflecting that this would have been under the condition, among many

* If it should be said that, in admiring pagan excellence, the mind takes the mere *facts* of that excellence, separately from the principles, and, as far as they are identical with the facts of christian excellence, and their connecting christian principles with them, converts the whole into a christian character before it cordially admires, I appeal to experience, while I assert that this is not true. If it were, the mind would be able to turn with full complacency from an affectionate admiration of an illustrious heathen, to admire, in the very same train of feeling and with still warmer emotion, the excellence of St. Paul; which is not the fact.

† I hope none of these observations will be understood to insinuate the impossibility of the future happiness of virtuous heathens. But a disquisition on the subject would here most obviously be out of place.

other circumstances, of adoring Jupiter, Bacchus, or Æsculapius, and of despising even the deities that he adored; and under the condition of being a stranger to the Son of God, and to all that he has disclosed and accomplished for the felicity of our race. It would even throw an ungracious chill on his ardour, if an evangelical monitor should whisper, "Recollect Jesus Christ," and express his regret that these illustrious men could not have been privileged to be elevated into christians. If precisely the word "elevated" were used, he might have a feeling at the instant, as if it were not the *right* word. But this state of mind is no less than a most serious hostility to the gospel, which these feelings are practically pronouncing to be either unnecessary or wrong; and therefore that noblest part of ancient literature which tends to produce it, is inexpressibly injurious. It had been happy for many cultivated and aspiring minds, if the men whose characters form the moral magnificence of the classical history, had been such atrocious villains, that their names could not have been recollected without execration. Nothing can be more disastrous than to be led astray by eminent virtue and intelligence, which can give a feeling of grandeur, or of an alliance with grandeur, in the deviation.

It will require a very affecting impression of the christian truth, a very strongly marked idea of the christian character, and a habit of thinking with sympathetic admiration of the most elevated class of christians, to preserve entire the evangelical spirit among the examples of what might pardonably have been deemed the most exalted style of man, if a revelation had not been received from heaven. Some views of this excellence it were in vain for a christian to forbid himself to admire; but he absolutely *must* learn to admire under a severe and solemn restriction, else every emotion is a desertion of his cause. He must learn to assign these men in thought

to another sphere, and to regard them as beings under a different economy with which our relations are dissolved ; as marvellous specimens of a certain imperfect kind of moral greatness, formed on a model foreign to true religion, which model is crumbled to dust and given to the winds. At the same time, he may emphatically deplore, while viewing some of these men, that, if so much excellence could be formed on such a model, the sacred system on which his own character professes to be formed, should not have raised him almost to heaven. So much for the effect of the most interesting part of ancient literature.

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON WINTER.

THE poets have numbered among the felicities of the golden age, an exemption from the change of seasons, and a perpetuity of spring ; but we agree with an elegant writer on this subject, that such poets have not made sufficient provision for that insatiable demand for new gratifications, which seems particularly to characterize the nature of man. Our sense of delight is in a great measure comparative, and arises at once from the sensations which we feel, and those which we remember : thus, ease after torment is pleasure for a time, and we are very agreeably recreated when the body, chilled with the weather, is gradually recovering its natural tepidity ; but the joy ceases when we have forgot the cold ; we must fall below ease again, if we desire to rise above it, and purchase new felicity by voluntary pain. It is therefore not unlikely, that however the fancy may be amused with the description of regions in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, and no scenes are displayed but vallies enamelled with unfading flowers, and woods waving their perennial verdure, we should soon grow weary of unifor-

mity, find our thoughts languish for want of other subjects, call on heaven for our wonted round of seasons, and think ourselves liberally recompensed for the inconveniencies of summer and winter, by new perceptions of the calmness and mildness of the intermediate variations.

Every season has its particular power of striking the mind. The nakedness and asperity of the wintry world fills the beholder with pensive and profound astonishment ; as the variety of the scene is lessened, its grandeur is increased ; and the mind is swelled at once by the mingled ideas of the present and the past, of the beauties which have vanished from the eyes, and the waste and desolation that are now before them.

Yet let us reflect on the blessings Heaven grants us at this season, which appears to us so severe. The frost and cold prevent many hurtful vapours in the higher regions of the atmosphere from falling upon us, and even purify the air. Far from being always bad for our health, it often strengthens it, and preserves the humours from putrefaction, which a constant heat would certainly occasion. If the vapours which collect in the atmosphere were always to fall in rain, the earth would be too soft and wet, our bodies would be too full of humours, and too much relaxed ; whereas the cold braces and promotes the circulation of the blood. In very hot countries, and where the winters are rainy and wet, serious and mortal diseases are much more frequent than elsewhere. We are told by travellers, that in Greenland, where the ground is covered with mountains of ice, and where in winter the days are only four or five hours long, the air is very wholesome, clear, and light ; and, except a few complaints in the chest and eyes (occasioned partly by the quality of the food), they have seldom there the disorders so common in Europe. It is also certain that the constitution of the human body varies according to the different climates ; consequently, the inhabitants of the

northern countries have constitutions adapted to extreme cold, and are generally strong and robust. As man, though active by choice, and though labour is necessary to him, is still glad to interrupt his employments to taste the sweets of sleep; so also nature yields to the change of seasons, and takes a pleasure in it, because in reality it contributes towards our welfare and happiness. Although our fields and gardens be buried in snow, this is necessary, in order to preserve them from the cold, as well as to prevent the grain from corrupting. The ground requires rest after having yielded in the summer all that we want for the winter. If our present support had not been provided for; if in this severe season we were obliged to cultivate the earth, there might be some foundation for our complaints. But our provision is made, all our wants supplied, and we enjoy a repose suitable to the season.

To these advantages, let us add, what has frequently been remarked, and is always very pleasantly felt, that winter has been celebrated as the proper season for merriment and gaiety. We are seldom invited by the votaries of pleasure to look abroad for any other purpose than that we may shrink back with more satisfaction to our coverts, and, when we have heard the howl of the tempest, and felt the gripe of the frost, congratulate each other with more gladness upon a close room, an easy chair, a large fire, and a smoking dinner. Winter brings natural inducements to jollity and conversation. Differences, we know, are never so effectually laid asleep, as by some common calamity. An enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger. The rigour of winter brings generally to the same fire-side those who, by the opposition of inclinations, or difference of employment, moved in various directions through the other parts of the year; and when they have met, and find it their mutual interest to remain together, they endear each other by mutual compliances, and often wish for the conti-

nuance of the social season, with all its bleakness and all its severities.

Dr. Johnson has remarked an advantage of winter, which men of his stamp will feel with peculiar energy, and it is certainly founded on truth. "To men of study and imagination," says he, "the winter is generally the chief time of labour. Gloom and silence produce composure of mind, and concentration of ideas; and the privation of external pleasure naturally causes an effort to find entertainment within. This is the time in which those whom literature enables to find amusements for themselves, have more than common convictions of their own happiness.—When they are condemned by the elements to retirement, and debarred from most of the diversions which are called in to assist the flight of time, they can find new subjects of inquiry, and preserve themselves from that weariness which hangs always flagging upon the vacant mind."

The winter, however, differs very essentially in some countries. If we feel ourselves disposed to complain, let us consider the following facts, which relate to a great part of the northern nations, which have neither spring nor autumn. The heat is as intolerable in summer as the cold is in winter. The severity of the latter is such, that the spirits of wine in the thermometer freeze. When the door of a warm room is opened, the outward air which comes in turns all the vapours into snow; and they appear like thick white clouds. If any one goes out of the house, they are almost suffocated, and the air seems to pierce through them. Every thing appears dead, as nobody does venture abroad. Sometimes the cold becomes so intense, all of a sudden, that if they are not saved in time, people are in danger of losing an arm, a leg, or even their life. The fall of snow is still more dangerous; the wind drives it with such violence, that nobody can find their way; the trees and bushes are covered with it, the sight is blinded by it, and people sink into precipices at

every step. In summer it is constantly light for three months, and in winter it is perpetual night during the same space of time. We who complain of the cold in our countries, seem not to know our advantages.

Yet we are mistaken if we suppose that the inhabitants of the pole are unhappy from the severity and length of their winter. Poor, yet exempt, through simplicity, from all desires difficult to gratify, those people live content in the midst of the rocks of ice which surround them, without knowing the blessings which the southern nations consider as an essential part of their happiness. If the barrenness of their soil prevents them from having such variety of productions of the earth as we have, the sea is so much the more bountiful in her gifts to them. Their way of living inures them to cold, and enables them to defy storms. As to particular resources, without which they could not bear the rigour of the climate, nature provides them with abundance. Their deserts are full of wild beasts, whose fur protects them from cold. The rein-deer supplies them with food, drink, beds, clothes, and tents. These are most of their wants, and give them little trouble to obtain. When the sun does not rise with them, and they are surrounded with darkness, nature itself lights a torch for them. The *aurora borealis* brightens their night. Perhaps these people consider their country as the greatest and happiest upon earth, and may pity us as much as we pity them.

During the severity of the frost, little work can be done out of doors by the farmer. As soon as it sets in, he takes the opportunity of the hardness of the ground to draw manure to his fields. He lops and cuts timber, and mends his fences.—When the roads become smooth from the frozen snow, he takes his team, and carries hay and corn to market. The barn resounds with the flail, by the use of which the labourer is enabled to defy the cold weather. In towns the poor are

pinched for fuel, and charity is peculiarly called for at this season of the year. Many trades are at a stand during the severity of the frost. There is no season, indeed, in which there are more pressing calls for charity, and none in which the rich ought to feel their own comforts with a gratitude more lively, and consequently more disposed to exertions in favour of the poor.

—“Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty.”—

—“Thought fond man
Of these”—

“The conscious heart of Charity would
warm,

And her wide wish Benevolence dilate.”

THOMSON.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE CAUSE OF THE POPULARITY OF NOVELS.

THERE is no species of writing that has been more popular among young readers since its first appearance, than the *novel* or *romance*, and I have not been able to discover a better reason for the high favour in which such compositions are held, than the tameness and insipidity of common life and common events. Tired of this, we first betake ourselves to the page of history; but here, although we occasionally meet with incidents that are surprising, there is in general a forbidding gravity and dignity in the style and manner in which they are related; and for the most part history is employed on the actions and adventures of heroes, kings, and statesmen, a class of persons with which we are but little acquainted, and in whose success young persons feel but little interest.

Finding, therefore, but scanty amusement in these grave and regular performances, where it is absolutely necessary that nothing should be related but what is true, and no ornaments appended which did not

belong to the original fact, we fly for relief from the sameness of real life to the composition called *novels*. In them we find common things related in an uncommon way, which is precisely the remedy we have been seeking to vary our amusements. Instead, for example, of a young couple walking regularly to church to be married, with their parents' consent, and their parents walking regularly with them (an incident so common as to occasion little or no notice), we have a pair of true lovers concealing from each other what they both are desirous to reveal, thwarted in their affection by cruel fathers and mothers, or guardians, beset with spies, their letters intercepted, rooms turned into prisons; and if an escape, usually called an elopement, be practicable, windows are turned into doors, and a ladder becomes a stair-case; post-horses are furnished with wings, and post-boys of the true Hounslow breed are converted into Cupids, while an old battered chaise is a hymeneal car.

It is this art of making much out of little that reconciles us to a course of novel-reading. We find how tame and insipid real life is; we awake in the morning, dress ourselves, go out shopping or visiting, and return in perfect safety to the same employments or amusements this day that we returned to yesterday, and which will probably engage our time to-morrow. It is not remarkable, therefore, if young and active spirits become tired of a routine so dull and unvarying, and are desirous of adventures which may distinguish them from the common herd of neighbours, and give employment for town talk. Such are to be found in novels, where, in the morning, the hero or heroine is waked by the soft melody of a lute under the window, and immediately upon the window being opened, the sound is lost, and no person appears!—In these worlds of a new creation, if a young lady ventures to walk beyond the limits of her father's domains, she is either seduced by the "false

flattering tongue" of some gay and gallant Lothario, into a post-chaise, or more rudely forced into one by a band of ruffians with masks on their faces, and drawn swords in their hands. Not an hour passes without some incident of this kind, so that if the real world was like the world of romance, we might say of the metropolis, with a learned justice, who has written on the police, "that there are many thousands in it who, when they get up in the morning, cannot tell what shall befall them in the course of the day, or where they shall sleep at night." For such is the ever-varying fate of those who live under the dispensations of a romantic imagination.

It might, however, be worth while to inquire whether the events of romantic life are capable of being realized without danger and disappointment. We are not quite certain that youth is to be divided into *three* or *four volumes*, and whatever errors or crimes may be committed, to end in a happy marriage and a great fortune in the *last*. Elopements, indeed, have been tried, and they have served to vary the common routine of being asked at church, or married by a licence, but it has not been found that such marriages have proved more happy than the old-fashioned kind: on the contrary, it has been found, that after a few months or weeks, the parties have been plunged into a state of life more dull and insipid than before, and which has ended, in more than one recent instance, in certain adventures which have led the parties into a separation as *romantic*, and out of the common way, as the elopement itself. It must, therefore, I am afraid, be concluded, that, however amusing the adventures of novel-personages are, we ought to be very cautious how we attempt to perform them in real life.

But, notwithstanding the great pains that have been taken in many hundred late novels to give a turn and a variety to love affairs, by every mode of cross-purposes, and hair-breadth escapes, there must be a ter-

mination even to these, and the common adventures of novels were actually becoming as insipid as the progress of real life, when a bold and successful attempt was lately made to enliven these narratives by a certain proportion of murders, ghosts, clanking chains, dead bodies, skeletons, old castles, and damp dungeons. Happily for those who are tired with themselves and all around them, this attempt produced a number of imitations, and we now rarely see a novel that is not entirely composed of the terrific materials above enumerated.

Murder is certainly a very fruitful topic: it can be contrived in so many ways, and if once we return to the old-fashioned belief in ghosts, it is incredible with what ease we may increase our stock of personages, for every one mentioned in the work may have a ghost, and, living or dead, we may in this way exactly double our amusement. We may truly say, with Macbeth,

———"The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the
man would die,
And there an end: but now they rise
again,
With twenty mortal murders on their
crowns,
And push us from our stools."——

And surely it is no wonder if our timid females are pushed from their stools in reading the "horrid, barbarous, and bloody murders" that are now served up for their *amusement*.

Amusement! did I say?—Yes, certainly, for their *amusement*. This is the most favourable conjecture, for surely it never could have entered into the brain of any writer of this description that our lovely females wanted *instruction* how to commit or avoid murders. Amusement it therefore must be, and certainly is amusement of a very singular kind, such as appears to me to be very incompatible with tenderness of frame, or purity of mind. What should we think, if a lady, who had the command of an exten-

sive library, should ransack the indexes, and reject every page but that which contained an account of a murder? A question then very naturally arises, Why are works entirely composed of murders considered as most certain of being perused? The answer to this question I shall leave to my readers, and content myself with hoping that the present fashion, like all departures from nature and common sense, will have but a short reign.

Still must I revert to my original thought, that a mistaken notion of the dulness and sameness of common life so often sends us for relief to the regions of fiction, and if we go there merely upon the principle of amusement, we shall derive no disadvantage from perusing the most classical productions of this description: but beyond that, I suspect we shall often be deluded by estimates of human life and happiness that are calculated upon false foundations. The days of youth are certainly days of curiosity, and if that is directed to proper objects around us, we shall not find that real life is so devoid of variety as we imagined, or that there is any absolute necessity for relieving our minds by fabulous narratives. The page of history, to him whose mind has not been weakened by a course of superficial reading, will contain more variety and entertainment, than the utmost stretch of fiction could have produced, and we shall have the superior satisfaction in reflecting that the instruction we receive is well-grounded, and that the events which surprise us are always true, or at least probable. Where they are doubtful, the historian's suspicions prevent our being deceived. This, added to an attentive observation of the scenes around us, will store the mind with reflections of an infinite variety, and far greater utility than are to be derived from the wild narratives of the imagination, and we shall soon be enabled to conclude, upon the surest grounds, that he to whom real life appears dull, must himself be a man of dull capacity.

*For the Literary Magazine.*MEMOIR OF THE LATE DUKE OF
BRUNSWICK-LUNEBURG, COM-
MANDER IN CHIEF OF THE
ARMY OF PRUSSIA.

"Ludit in humanis potentia rebus,
Et certam præsens vix habet hora fidem."
OVID.

A REFERENCE to the singular times in which we live can alone resolve the *phenomena* that at once surround and astonish us. Every thing exhibits the appearance of novelty, for the established order of society has been suddenly inverted, a new race of men has sprung up, and a new and more terrible system of war been practised with success. In fine, the sword of the conqueror has made as many real changes in human affairs, and that too almost with the same rapidity as the wand of the necromancer ever effected in the regions of romance, so that both history and geography, in respect to the European portion of the globe, are to be studied anew.

During the age of Charles V and Francis I, the feudal system began to crumble under its own weight, and Europe assumed a new and more stable appearance.

A kind of public rule, arising out of public policy, appeared to have been instituted by general consent; and as the bounds of the various sovereignties were pretty accurately ascertained, and their rights and duties plainly and distinctly marked, Europe, the most civilized quarter of the world, began to be considered as one immense commonwealth, governed by a moral sense, and regulated by what (from its generality) was denominated the law of nations.

Nearly two centuries and a half elapsed, before any gross invasion of this happy condition of political equality took place; and free states as well as states enslaved, limited monarchs as well as despots, either possessed or affected a reverence for public political justice. The first great inroad made into the

happy and tranquil situation in which Europe had so long remained, proceeded from the unprincipled invasion and division of Poland, by the unexpected union of three great rival powers*. This was such a gross and manifest violation of the moral sense, as applied to nations, that the mind of every honest man, of course, revolted against it. The original wrong was followed up by new aggressions, and one of the finest countries in the world was at last annihilated, by the combination of three imperial and royal spoilers.

From that moment there was an end of every practical idea of the law of nations; and it was left to the French revolution to prove, that the *law of the strongest* was thenceforward to become paramount. That great event, which from its origin seemed big with the most portentous changes, has in its consequences involved the fate of all the neighbouring countries. States, kingdoms, empires, have melted before it; hereditary claims, regal titles, aristocratical pretensions, have dissolved and disappeared at its approach. The elements of modern history are changed; political relations have assumed a more ambiguous form; the art of war, in particular, has been carried to a fatal and ominous degree of perfection, while those generals who had grown hoary under arms, and whose characters appeared consecrated to the just admiration of posterity, have been suddenly eclipsed by a new race of soldiers, and a new system of tactics!

The illustrious house of Brunswick is traced up to Albert Azzoni, one of the richest marquisses in Italy, born, according to some, in 996; but if we are to credit others, not until 1097. Having married Cuniza, or Cunigonda, heiress of the ancient house of Guelphs, or Welfes, in Germany, he obtained considerable additions to his pretensions, if not to his estates; and, ac-

* Austria, Prussia, and Russia.

according to Muratori, his grandson Obizon, marquis of Este, in 1184, received the investiture of the lordships of Genoa and Milan. This descendant of this chief (Guelph IV) became duke of Bavaria; Guelph V, called the *gross*, designated himself duke of Spoleta, marquis of Tuscany, lord of Este, &c.

Henry the black having assumed the habit of a monk in the convent of Weingarten, was succeeded by Henry the magnanimous and superb. Henry the lion and the great was duke of Saxony as well as of Bavaria; and, having conquered the duchies of Lunenburg, Mecklenburg, part of Brandenburg, &c., he became a prince of considerable power and consequence. From this stock sprung the royal family of England, which, having attained the electoral, soon added the regal crown to its arms; and, after having settled in Great Britain, kept up an interchange of alliances with the other parts of the family still remaining on the continent.

Charles William Ferdinand, duke of Brunswick, of whom we are now about to treat, was born on the 9th October, 1735, O. S. Like all the German princes of his time, he was bred to the profession of arms from his cradle; and as he was descended from a house eminently warlike, and was taught to look up to an uncle (prince Ferdinand of Brunswick) who already began to attain a portion of his future celebrity, he applied himself to war as a science with no common degree of avidity.

By the time he had attained the age of nineteen, the hereditary prince (for so he was called during the lifetime of his father) experienced many opportunities to distinguish his courage and his conduct in arms. The duke of Brunswick, perceiving a powerful league formed against France on the continent, had joined his troops to those of the allies, from whom he received a subsidy. His brother, the renowned prince Ferdinand, was actually in their camp; and he was accompanied by his nephew, whose memoirs we are now

about to detail, and who, under so great a master, expected to attain both experience and reputation.

But events had occurred about this period, which placed both father and son in a very delicate and critical situation. The French having attacked Hanover, merely because his Britannic majesty (George II) had refused to tolerate their incroachments in America, the duke of Cumberland was sent thither to command an army of observation. But marshal Richlieu advanced against him with superior numbers, and his royal highness was obliged to lay down his arms, on which the enemy took possession of the whole electorate, and occupied its capital.

The duke of Brunswick, actuated by the policy natural to petty princes, became afraid of the progress of the French, and was justly alarmed at the humiliating treaty of Closterseven. He therefore entered into an agreement with the courts of Vienna and Versailles, by which he stipulated that his troops should return home, on condition of his dominions being considered as neutral. On this he immediately issued orders for that purpose; but prince Ferdinand, who now acted as *generalissimo*, took it upon him to detain both them and the hereditary prince. This circumstance, which was considered by two of the contracting parties as a breach of faith, produced a solemn protest on the part of both France and Austria; but the duke was at length reconciled to the measure, which, in consequence of the events that afterwards occurred, did not fail ultimately to prove equally agreeable to his interests and his inclinations.

Meanwhile the hereditary prince signalized himself on many occasions at the head of his Brunswickers; and the king of England having negotiated an alliance offensive and defensive with the king of Prussia, by which the latter was to receive an annual subsidy of 670,000*l.*, the war soon began to assume a new appearance. The whole protestant interest in Germany having been

now united by the money of Great Britain, the convention of Closterseven was declared null and void; and 25,000 troops were sent from England, to serve under prince Ferdinand.

The first exploit undertaken by the hereditary prince as a commander, was the capture of Koya. Towards the end of February, 1758, having been detached with a small* corps to dislodge the count de Chabot, who was posted in that neighbourhood, he passed the Weser at Bremen with part of his troops, while the remainder advanced on the other side of the river, so as to attack the enemy both in front and rear. The bridge having been abandoned, the French thrown into confusion, and 700 of them made prisoners, their general immediately retired to the castle with two battalions, on which a negotiation was entered into, and Chabot capitulated. This brilliant exploit threw lustre on the first essay of the hereditary prince, who was unprovided with heavy artillery to reduce the place, and who, but for this timely surrender, must have retired himself, as a body of troops was already on the march to relieve it.

Flushed with success, the young warrior next advanced against Minden, so celebrated afterwards on account of the battle in that neighbourhood, and having invested the village on the 5th of March, the garrison surrendered at discretion at the end of nine days.

The hereditary prince now began to be considered as a promising commander; and at the battle of Crevelt he was entrusted with the direction of the left wing. Soon after this, he forced the strong pass of Wachendock, an island of very difficult approach on account of its being surrounded by the Niers, but important from its position, as it was situate directly in the route to the Rhine, which the grand army

was now preparing to repass. Notwithstanding the bridge had been drawn up, he contrived to obtain possession of the place, by rushing into the water at the head of his grenadiers; and having drove the enemy away with fixed bayonets, the army was thus enabled to advance towards Rhinebergen.

In 1759 he continued to act at the head of a detachment; and on the 31st of March, with a body of Prussian hussars, he fell on a large party of Austrians posted at Molrichstadt, and routed a regiment of Hohenzollern cuirassiers, supported by a battalion of the troops of Wurtzburg. In the course of the next day, his serene highness advanced with a party of horse and foot to Meinungen, where he captured a magazine of provisions, took two battalions of infantry prisoners, and surprised a third at Wafungan, after having defeated a corps of Austrians in the act of advancing to their relief.

To this prince England and her allies were not a little indebted for the victory of Minden, which would have proved still more complete had the horse advanced at the command of prince Ferdinand. On that memorable day he encountered and overcame the duke de Brissac, in the neighbourhood of Coveldt, and by that achievement prevented the marshal de Contades from making his retreat by the defiles of Wittekendstein. His next exploit was to beat up the quarters of the duke of Wirtemberg, then posted at Fulda. Four battalions taken prisoners, two pieces of cannon, two stand of colours, and the capture of all the baggage, attested the superiority of the victors.

At the close of the campaign, the hereditary prince was detached, with 15,000 men, to serve under his relation the king of Prussia, Frederic the great. He was afterwards present at the battle of Corbach; and although obliged on this occasion to retreat, yet he maintained all his former reputation, and continued to give his orders with the greatest precision, notwithstanding

* Four battalions of infantry, together with some light troops and dragoons.

a wound which he received on the shoulder.

His uncle, prince Ferdinand, being now forced to abandon the strong camp at Sachsenhausen, by means of which he had kept the French in check, it became of the utmost importance that he should keep up a communication with Westphalia. To effect this, the hereditary prince was ordered to cross the Dymel, on the 29th of July, so as to turn the left of the enemy, who were strongly posted at Warburg, while he himself advanced against their front with the main body of the army. This skilful manœuvre succeeded to admiration; for the French being attacked in front and rear at the same time, experienced a signal defeat, to which the marquis of Granby, who acted at the head of the English troops, contributed not a little.

On the 5th of August, the hereditary prince was detached on a secret expedition, the object of which was to take possession of the quarters of a French detachment encamped at Zirenberg. The march was effected with so much caution and secrecy, that the enemy were completely surprised; in consequence of which 400 prisoners, including 40 officers, were brought away, together with two pieces of cannon.

Prince Ferdinand and marshal Broglie were at this period opposed to each other; and the former having conceived the project of cutting off the communication of the latter with France by the lower Rhine, the hereditary prince was detached for that purpose. Having surprised a detachment of Austrians, he crossed the river at Dusseldorff, Rees, and Ermmerrich; then advanced against Cleves, and, having forced the garrison of that place to surrender prisoners of war, he invested Wesel. But on this occasion he had been anticipated by the marquis de Castries. That general had dispatched an excellent officer, called Sionville, with 500 men, who having embarked on the Rhine at Cologne, fell down to Wesel, and threw himself into the

town, notwithstanding the fire from the enemy's batteries.

To repair this misfortune, his highness crossed the river, attacked the French at Clostercamp, surprised them during the night, and would have defeated them with great slaughter, but for the pertinacious resistance experienced on the part of Fischer, a German partisan, who was posted in the abbey; and the spirit displayed by the count de Rochambeau*, at the head of the regiment of Auvergne. After this repulse he re-crossed the Rhine, raised the siege of Wesel, effected a brilliant retreat with his prisoners, among whom was Dumouriez†, at

* This general afterwards distinguished himself during the American war.

† As this is a very singular incident, we shall quote the particulars from the life of that general, as detailed by himself:

"Dumouriez, who was on duty with the count de Thiers, then marshal de camp, was dispatched, on the evening before the battle of Clostercamp, to the right of the army. Having fallen in with some of Fischer's horse grenadiers, and some of Beaufremont's dragoons, he crossed the canal with them, on purpose to advance towards the right, keeping always within sight of his own troops; but was immediately assailed by a score of the enemy's hussars.

"He instantly defended himself, and at the same time called on some of the French troopers, who had just fled, to come to his assistance. He himself disabled two of the hussars from continuing the combat, but his own horse fell down dead under him; and, to increase his misfortune, his left stirrup, which happened to be formed of untempered iron, was bent close to his foot by the weight of his charger. He disengaged his leg, however, but still found that his foot was held fast; notwithstanding this, he sustained, even in that position, a combat of five minutes against his furious antagonists, &c.

"At the very moment he was about to be murdered, a tutelary angel arrived to his succour: this proved to be the baron de Behr, aid-de-camp to the hereditary prince. The prince himself happened to be reconnoitring, and these hussars, indeed, formed his escort.

that moment an obscure subaltern in the French army; but who was

"The baron was obliged to draw his sabre, to prevent them from butchering Dumouriez; he at length succeeded in his efforts, and they disengaged his foot, and dragged him before the hereditary prince, who paid him many compliments. He was then carried to the station where the enemy's first line had encamped in the open air during the preceding night; it consisted of an English brigade, commanded by lord Waldegrave. There his wounds were dressed for the first time; he had six deep ones, and thirteen severe contusions. What affected him most was, the circumstance of being unable to make use of either of his arms. He was however placed on horseback, and arrived at the camp of Burich, where he was greatly caressed by the enemy's general and soldiers, more especially the British.

"On the next day the hereditary prince chose to retire, after experiencing but indifferent success, which he however had no reason to expect; for never did any general better deserve to gain a battle than he did that of Clostercamp.

"Dumouriez received every possible mark of attention and benevolence from him; but although he entreated his highness, as a favour, to send him back to the French camp, the prince persisted in keeping him along with the army until it had crossed the Rhine, and begun to retire, lest he should relate what he had seen.

"After his retreat had been achieved, he sent him to Wesel, escorted by the same baron de Behr who had saved his life, and who was a very amiable young man; he at the same time transmitted an exceedingly kind letter to the marquis de Castries, full of the praises of his young prisoner.

"The prince did not then foresee that this letter, which was carefully transmitted to the marshal de Belle-Isle, would make the fortune of this officer; and that, thirty-two years after, this self-same prisoner would command an army against him in Champagne, and save France by obliging him to retire! However, notwithstanding all this, had he even anticipated those events, he would have acted exactly in the same manner. Generosity is one of the essential characteristics appertaining to great war-

destined afterwards to check his progress in the plains of Champagne, at the head of a numerous army, and thus give a new turn to the destinies of France and of Europe.

Meanwhile prince Ferdinand, who had been obliged to act for some time on the defensive, determined at last to commence effective operations. Having entrusted the command of the troops on his right to the hereditary prince, the latter advanced with the utmost secrecy into the heart of the enemy's quarters, and endeavoured to carry Fritzlar by assault: but he experienced a most obstinate resistance on the part of the garrison, in consequence of which a retreat became necessary. Yet, nothing daunted by the event, he immediately proceeded to cover the front of the main army, which was now occupied in the siege of Cassel. On this the marshal de Broglie advanced with all his forces against him: in consequence of which, a column of 2000 men was cut off, and captured by the French.

Having been called off soon after to defend his own hereditary dominions, he first obliged the prince de Soubise to retire; and then forced prince Xavier of Saxony, who had seized on Wolfenbüttele, and invested Brunswick, to withdraw with the loss of his cannon.

During the campaign of 1762, the hereditary prince resumed his usual activity. On the 31st of August, having seized on the heights of Joannisberg, he endeavoured to prevent the junction of the armies under the marshal d'Etrées and the prince of Condé. On this occasion, the French advanced with fixed bayonets, and, after sustaining three discharges from the Germans, succeeded in attaining their object. His serene highness in vain attempted to rally his troops, who

riors; and it was eminently conspicuous in this prince, who was as much beloved in the French army as in that of which he was the Achilles."—*Life of General Dumouriez*, vol. I. 29.

appeared to be panic struck. He himself was dangerously wounded during the action ; while his cannon and a large body of prisoners fell into the hands of the victors. Notwithstanding this unfortunate affair, soon after which the war closed, the hereditary prince began to be considered one of the best generals of his day ; and it will be seen hereafter that he was greatly esteemed, both at home and abroad, for those qualities, the possession of which are generally allowed to constitute the hero.

No sooner was a treaty concluded, than his serene highness returned home to cultivate the arts of peace. Being now unemployed, and wishing to settle in life, he cast his eyes around for a suitable match, and fixed on the princess Augusta, sister to the present king of England. The marriage was accordingly celebrated on the 12th of January, 1764, and he soon became the father of a numerous progeny.

But as his highness had distinguished himself under the eye of Frederic the great, and was a general in his service, it became necessary to return to Berlin, on the first rumour of a war. Accordingly, in 1778, he again took to the field, and was appointed to a command in Upper Silesia. The object which at that period engaged the attention of Europe was the succession of Bavaria, to which the emperor Joseph II fondly aspired ; but as this acquisition would have added greatly to his power, he was of course opposed by the king of Prussia. The campaign that ensued, which consisted merely of marches and countermarches, of entrenched camps and formidable positions, of menacing attitudes and hostile preparations, ended without a battle, and even without a skirmish of any note. A negociation having taken place, the troops appertaining to both parties soon withdrew to their respective quarters ; and the peace of Germany was wisely preserved by means of a compromise. It ought not to be omitted, however, that his

serene highness distinguished himself greatly, by the manner in which he maintained the post of Trappau.

Two years after this important event, the duke of Brunswick died : and the hereditary prince, of course, succeeded to his titles and dominions. To the melioration of the latter he devoted a large portion of his time, and he has always been considered as a model for the sovereigns on the continent. He indeed acquired, as he merited, from his subjects, the glorious title of " Father of his country !"

Meanwhile, the old king of Prussia, partly overcome by age, and partly a martyr to a most enormous appetite, died full of glory and renown. His successor not only paid the legacy which had been left the duke of Brunswick by his uncle, but he wrote a letter with his own hand, in which, after extolling his services, he intimated that he had conferred on him the rank of field-marshal*.

A few months after this, the duke was appointed to the command of an army, for the express purpose of reinstating the stadtholder. The ostensible object of this invasion was a pretended insult offered to the sister of Frederic William II, the consort of the prince of Orange ; and a large body of troops having been suddenly assembled in Westphalia, the field-marshal immediately placed himself at their head, while England not only armed in the same cause, but furnished a sum of money, in order to ensure success. The cardinal de Brienne, at this time minister of France, instead of going to war on behalf of an ally, confined himself to negociations ;

* Mirabeau, who was then at Berlin, expresses himself in the following manner on this occasion :

" Du 2 Janvier, 1787—le soir,

" Le roi a nommé aujourd'hui le duc de Brunswick feld-maréchal. C'est assurément le premier de ses choix qui lui a fait honneur, et tout le monde a approuvé qu'on eut fait une promotion pour ce prince seul."

so that the duke was enabled to march unmolested into that country which had so frequently made such a gallant resistance to its invaders, and the frontier towns immediately surrendered on his approach. Utrecht, at one period so celebrated for its patriotic spirit, capitulated almost at the first summons; while Amsterdam, the last refuge of the states of Holland, was forced to yield without a struggle. In short, in the space of twenty days, 20,000 Prussians overcame that republic which had so gallantly and successfully contended with Philip II for its liberties, and with Louis XIV for its independence.

This expedition, so short in point of duration, so complete in respect to execution, and so brilliant when considered as a scheme conceived and matured within the short space of a month, reflected great glory on the Prussian arms. But on the general who conducted it, the politicians and statesmen of that day lavished all their praises; and he was considered as the most skilful warrior, and ablest counsellor, that modern Europe had beheld since the time of the great Frederic.

Accordingly, soon after this event, when all the kings of Europe were terrified at the successful revolt of a whole people from an oppression protected by prejudice, and in some measure sanctioned by the practice of ages, the duke of Brunswick was looked up to as the only general capable of reducing the French nation within the pale of unlimited obedience. On this occasion, the rival courts of Vienna and Berlin cordially united in the choice of the same leader, who, having assumed the command of the combined forces in July, 1792, prepared to advance from Coblenz, for the purpose of avenging the insults offered to "the throne and the altar."

The wisdom of the manifesto published on this occasion has always been considered as equivocal. After mentioning his design to interfere in the affairs of an independent nation, his serene highness intimates

his resolution to punish as "rebels" such of the national militia as should be taken with arms in their hands for the purpose of opposing a foreign invader. The magistrates were rendered "responsible, with their heads and their estates," for those occurrences which they themselves could not controul; while the city of Paris was threatened with desolation, and the members of the national assembly and the constituted authorities were to experience all the undefined rigours of martial law.

Soon after this, Frederick William of Prussia, who had been proclaimed the "head of the league," arrived in the camp of the allies; while Dumouriez, appointed to the chief command of the French armies, assumed a strong position in the forest of Argonne, and bid defiance to the invaders. The surrender of Longwy and Verdun gave a favourable aspect to the royal cause; and, on receiving this intelligence, the new general alluded to above deemed it prudent to withdraw to the camp of St. Menehould, within 110 miles of Paris. During this retreat, his new troops were seized with a sudden panic, and 10,000 of them fled before 1500 Prussians!

Meanwhile, the resistance experienced by the allies, during the siege of Thionville, and the critical junction of the generals Kellermann and Beurnonville, with the grand army, proved the salvation of France.

Notwithstanding this, the duke of Brunswick advanced against the enemy, whom he supposed, in consequence of the intelligence of the emigrants, to be in full retreat towards the capital; but on the morning of the 20th of September, he beheld their strong entrenched camp, supported by an immense train of artillery, while a large army was drawn up in order of battle. Notwithstanding this, his highness gave orders to seize on the heights of Gizancourt; on which Kellermann, whose position had been masked, brought up the whole of his cannon to a commanding eminence on the hill of Valmy, and by means

of a well-directed fire arrested the progress of the combined forces. By a masterly manœuvre on the part of the French commander in chief, the allied army was at the same time out-flanked, and its left turned. In consequence of this skirmish, during which an obscure officer of cavalry* appears to have foiled the tacticians who had studied the art of war in the school of the immortal Frederic, a retreat was resolved on; and that army, which had marched forward in all the pride of triumph, was obliged speedily to withdraw, by forced marches, destitute of provisions, encumbered with baggage, exposed to the ravages of a dreadful dysentery, and completely bereft of all its glory.

But it ought not to be omitted here that the duke of Brunswick is, in part, exempt from the blame attached to such a crude and incoherent invasion. That distinguished officer, on perceiving that the allies were received, not as deliverers, but enemies, insisted that it had become absolutely necessary to give a systematical direction to the operations of the combined armies. He objected, also, to the mode of warfare that had been adopted, and wished that no fortress in his rear should remain uncaptured. But he was opposed by the king of Prussia, who, replete with zeal, and avaricious of glory, possessed none of the military talents of his uncle; and had it not been for the prudence and circumspection of the general in chief, his retreat would have been cut off, and the monarch himself, perhaps, carried a prisoner to Paris.

In 1793, the duke of Brunswick redeemed some portion of that glory which he had lost at Valmy, by the capture of Mentz, and the battle of Pirmasens; at the latter of which he obtained possession of twenty-seven pieces of cannon and two howitzers; while he at the same time obliged 3000 of the enemy to throw down their arms, and surrender

prisoners of war. After the lines of Weissemburg had been forced, he pursued the Austrians, and showed himself worthy of his former reputation.

He however soon after retired from the command of the Prussian army in disgust, and was succeeded by Mollendorff, the companion of his youth and the rival of his old age. His highness immediately returned to Brunswick, and occupied himself, as usual, with the prosperity of his own dominions. Happy would it have been for him and for his family had he confined his cares to his sovereignty! But he was addicted to war from habit, and from disposition; and, notwithstanding he despised the intrigues of the court of Berlin, he pined for active employment in camps, and at the head of armies, where he had spent his youth.

Meanwhile, the king of Prussia, pursuing at length a safe and profitable policy, determined on entering into a treaty with France; and as Frederic William II was the first to enter into, so also was he the first to abandon, the coalition. Accordingly, after having obtained the cities of Dantzic and Thorn, and added some of the most fertile provinces of Poland to his dominions, and replenished his coffers with the subsidies of England, he solemnly acknowledged the republic on the 5th of April, 1795.

His successor, Frederic William III (his present majesty), pursued similar plans for the aggrandizement of the house of Brandenburg, and that too, for a while, with the most cautious policy. Perceiving that France possessed the ascendant, he temporized, and by acting a secondary part ensured at once both his prosperity and his safety. In 1800, he entered into a confederacy with the northern powers for an armed neutrality, the direct object of which was the annoyance of England. In 1801, under pretence of retaliating for the seizure of one of his vessels, he took possession of the port of Cruzhaven, "on purpose to

* Dumouriez.

secure the independence of the north of Germany."

After publishing a declaration at Berlin, complaining of the oppressions sustained by neutral navigation on the part of the British navy, he intimated a resolution, not only to shut up the mouths of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems, but likewise to seize on the states belonging to the king of Great Britain situate in Germany. A body of troops accordingly entered Hanover, occupied the capital, and levied contributions.

At the peace of Amiens, the electorate was indeed restored, but Prussia acquired a fresh accession of strength under the pretext of *indemnities*. No sooner was the war renewed, than the cabinet of Berlin, faithful to its plans of spoliation, resumed possession of the king of Great Britain's continental possessions as before.

At first, Frederic William appeared devoted to the interests of France and the fortunes of Bonaparte; and it was not until the commencement of hostilities against the house of Austria that he exhibited any thing like a wish to side with their enemies. It is evident, however, that a new system of policy began to operate upon Berlin from that very moment. The visit from, and reception of, the emperor of Russia rendered this evident to all the world; and the oath of alliance, supposed to have been pronounced over the grave of the immortal Frederic, was imagined to have for its object a joint contest against a common enemy, and that enemy was undoubtedly France.

From that moment the *war party* became all-powerful and preponderant in Prussia; and when it is recollected that it was patronized by a young and beautiful queen, and a general* grown hoary under arms, it is but little wonder that the *French faction*, as the friends of peace were called, although the king was supposed to have been at their head, should ultimately succumb. The

motives urged on this occasion were at once popular and seductive. The honour of the house of Brandenburg was supposed to be involved in the contest, and the shade of the great Frederic was repeatedly invoked to hover over and inspire the bosom of his descendant. The monarch himself was conjured to become the liberator of Germany and of the world; and all those who presumed to deliver the sage counsels inspired by prudence, were considered either as traitors or as cowards*.

Accordingly, the compliant monarch having at length yielded, general Knobelsdorff, the Prussian minister at Paris, delivered a note, dated October 1, 1806, containing certain propositions, which it was evident, from their tenor, must be rejected with indignation. Among other things, it was specified, "that the whole of the French troops, which are called by no fair pretence into Germany, should immediately repass the Rhine;" and "that the separation of Wesel from the French empire, and the re-occupation of the three abbeys by the Prussian troops," should be a preliminary to any treaty of peace.

In addition to this, a manifesto of a new kind was published against the emperor Napoleon, in which both the character and person of his majesty were treated with the most marked indignity. He himself was accused of almost every species of crime; and a most ample, but impolitic, disclosure was made of the means by which he had obtained, and continued to possess, the sovereignty. The theatre of Berlin, too, was made use of to irritate the minds of the people against the French nation; while ballads were sung and circulated, with a view of inflaming the indignation of the citizens, and the courage of the soldiers.

In the mean time, the duke of

* Mr. Fox, in the true spirit of prophecy, conjured Mr. Pitt to consider Prussia as the last stake appertaining to Europe!

* The duke of Brunswick.

Brunswick, who was already at the head of an army of observation, collected troops from all parts; and, in order to augment his forces, the guards left Berlin, for the first time in the course of near half a century. He then entered Saxony, and, having advanced towards its frontier, began to menace the states of the new confederation of the Rhine.

On this, Bonaparte prepared for war; or, rather, he ordered those columns, which had long anticipated that event, to push forward. He himself suddenly quitted Paris, on the 23d of September, 1806, and, having advanced by Bamberg and Cronach, repaired to Schleitz, where, on the 8th of October, he was present at the first battle during this short but memorable campaign, and witnessed a scene that afforded him but too flattering a presage of the final result.

On the 10th, prince Louis of Prussia was defeated at Saalfeld, and he himself killed; while considerable slaughter took place among the troops. But the duke of Brunswick, at the head of the grand army, was now in presence of the enemy, and every thing was to be hoped from his skill and abilities. He was almost the only surviving general of the *old school*, and it was to be seen whether the ancient art of war, or the modern system of tactics, was doomed to prevail. Unhappily for the independence of Europe, the event was not long dubious!

His serene highness, knowing from experience that the French were only terrible when permitted to be the assailants, determined that he himself should commence the attack. But marshal Davoust having unexpectedly arrived at Nauenburg on the 12th of October, seized on the magazines of the Prussians, and even obtained possession of their pontoons; while their left was most unexpectedly turned, so as to render the position then occupied extremely precarious.

Notwithstanding these disastrous events, which in some measure rendered the French masters of all the

future operations, the duke of Brunswick wished to begin the attack; and on the 13th he drew up his troops, supposed to amount to near 140,000 men, in battle array. The two hostile armies lay upon their arms during the night, within half a cannon shot distance of each other, and by break of day prepared for battle. This was prevented for some time by the intervention of a thick fog; which, having cleared up, was succeeded by a bright sunshine, that disclosed about 280,000 men armed for the slaughter of each other, and provided with 7 or 800 pieces of artillery ready to scatter death in every direction.

A dreadful conflict now ensued, and victory finally declared for the French. It is allowed, however, by themselves, "that at one moment there was room for a doubt;" and it is supposed that the critical arrival of a body of 10,000 men under marshal Ney alone decided the fate of the day. By this confession it is easy to perceive, that the Prussian troops were well led and ably directed, and that it was the chance of war only that turned the balance so decidedly in favour of the victors as to render the battle of Jena fatal to the Prussian monarchy!

It is as yet impossible to be sufficiently correct as to the particulars, but we have learned that the duke of Brunswick, while reconnoitring the enemy at an advanced post, with a telescope in his hand, was wounded in the face by a grape shot. He was obliged soon after to have recourse to a litter, in which he was conducted to the capital of his dominions, on the 21st of October. But on the approach of the enemy, he left his little metropolis for the last time, and retired by easy journeys to Altona, a town appertaining to Denmark, the governor of which is said to have made some difficulty in respect to his reception. There, in an obscure lodging, attended by his consort, the sister of the king of England, he heard that the royal family was fled; that nearly all his troops had been intercepted in their

retreat; and that he himself was stripped of his dominions*. In this melancholy condition, bereft of sight, overwhelmed with pain, and surrounded by misery, died a sovereign prince, who, until eclipsed by a new race of warriors, had been considered the greatest commander of his day, and to whom, at one critical period, all the kings of Europe looked up for safety and protection.

The duke of Brunswick, in consequence of the wounds received in the battle of Jena, breathed his last on the 10th of November, 1806, in the 71st year of his age. On the 12th his body was opened and embalmed; and it was discovered, on this occasion, that the contusion received in the forehead had proved mortal. Immediately after the operation, a messenger was dispatched to the French camp, requesting that the corpse of his serene highness might be permitted to be interred in the same grave with those of his ancestors: he was thus destitute even of a place of interment!

Having now concluded the career of the subject of this memoir as a warrior, it remains only to notice him as a sovereign and as a man.

On succeeding to his father's dominions, in 1780, the duke of Brunswick found that his revenues were burdened by immense debts for such a small state: they amounted to no less than 40,000 millions of French livres, or about one million seven hundred thousand pounds sterling. Notwithstanding this, he administered the affairs of his dominions with so much skill and economy, that in the course of a few years he

liquidated all the demands against him. Although M. de Feronce, his principal minister, was an able man, yet he himself superintended each department, and took care that every one under him should perform his duty. His subjects were happy and content. In few states of Europe was so much liberty enjoyed; and, notwithstanding he was a military man, and every thing appertaining to the military system savours of tyranny, yet it must be allowed that his dominions were governed by wise laws, and the sceptre wielded with a lenient hand. This system, equally just and politic, was productive of the greatest advantages; for his people became suddenly rich under his wise administration, and his own revenues, of course, increased in the ratio of their prosperity.

According to Mirabeau, who was at his court in 1786, and seems to have been received with an extraordinary degree of cordiality, he appeared both great and amiable in private life. "Assuredly," says that writer, "he would not be considered as an ordinary man, even among distinguished personages.—He is polite, even to affectation; he speaks with precision, and even with elegance; but he somewhat labours to distinguish himself, and is sometimes deficient in respect to the proper expression.

"He knows how to listen, and even to interrogate, by means of his answers. Praise, embellished with the graces, and enveloped in elegance, is agreeable to him; he is prodigiously laborious, perspicacious, and well-informed. His correspondence is immense, and for this advantage he is chiefly indebted to personal consideration, as he is not sufficiently rich to pay for so much information; and but few of the great cabinets of Europe are so well instructed as himself relative to public affairs.

"The duke is not insensible to elegance and to pleasure; but he is a scrupulous observer of all the decencies of life. Religiously faithful

* It is evident, from the "sixteenth bulletin of the grand army,"

1. That the emperor Napoleon considered the duke of Brunswick as one of the chief authors of the war undertaken on the part of Prussia;

2. That he either was, or affected to be, Frenchman enough to resent the threats of his serene highness when at the head of the combined army, after a lapse of fourteen years; and

3. That he intended to strip him of his dominions.

to his situation as a sovereign, he perceives that economy is his principal resource. A true Alcibiades, he loves the graces, and whatever is voluptuous*; but these never influence either his labours or his duties."

The following is a list of the children of the duke of Brunswick, by the princess Augusta of England:

1. Charles George Augustus, termed, during his life-time, the hereditary prince; born on the 18th of February, 1766, and married on the 14th of February, 1790, to Frederica Louisa Wilhelmina, daughter of prince William of Nassau-Orange:

2. Carolina Amelia Elizabeth, princess of Brunswick, born on the 17th of May, 1768, and married on the 8th of April, 1795, to his royal highness George Augustus Frederic, prince of Wales, by whom she has an only daughter, princess Charlotte Augusta, born on the 7th of January, 1796:

3. George William Christian, born on the 7th of June, 1769:

4. Augustus, born on the 18th of August, 1770: and

5. Frederic William, born on the 9th of October, 1771.

The fate of the duke of Brunswick recalls a variety of painful sensations, and we cannot close this memoir respecting him better than in the words made use of by Lucan, in respect to Pompey:

"———Si veris magna paratur
Fama bonis, et si successu nuda remota
Inspicitur virtus, quicquid laudamus in
ullo
Majorum, fortuna fuit."

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF BOILEAU.

WHEN the satires of Boileau first came out, the rage and indignation

* "Sa maitresse, mademoiselle Hartfeld, est la femme la plus raisonnable de sa cour, et ce choix est tellement convenable, que le duc ayant montré, il y a peu de tems, quelque velléité pour un

occasioned by them among the higher, as well as the lower classes of poets, &c. were universal and extreme. M. Fourcroy, a famous lawyer, whose disposition in general was jealous and malignant, and especially against M. Despreaux, circulated a printed paper all over Paris, couched in these terms.—"Be it known to all who feel themselves injured by and inimical to some lately published satires, that a meeting will be held on such a day, and on such an hour, at the house of sieur Robet, an attorney: and a court composed of malcontents will sit, to consider the ways and means of redressing the complaints of those whose characters are aspersed by the aforesaid satires."

The old duke de la Feuillade, meeting Boileau one day, in the gallery of Versailles, repeated to him a sonnet of Cherleval, which ended with lines to this purpose: "Fix your eyes no more on my countenance, but fix them only on the tenderness of my friendship."

The poet answered that he saw nothing remarkably good in the sonnet; and objected to these two lines, on account of the play of words which they contained. The duke perceiving the princess royal coming through the gallery, he read the sonnet hastily to her as she passed. The lady told him it was very fine. The duke returned to Boileau; and in a sneering manner observed, that he must have a very fastidious taste, if he disapproved of verses which both the king and the princess had praised. "I do not doubt the king's superiority in taking towns, and gaining battles; nor do I doubt the talents of madame the princess; but in regard to a knowledge of poetry," replied Boileau, "I think I am at least their equal." The duke ran in great haste to the king, and told him, with every mark of disgust and indignation, the arrogant speech of

autre femme, la duchesse s'est ligüée avec Mlle. de Hartfeld pour l'écarter."—*Histoire Secrète de la cour de Berlin*, vol. i. page 21.

the poet. "My lord," replied the king, "I am sorry to say that I am obliged to confess that M. Boileau is perfectly in the right."

When this poet met, for the first time, two atheistical persons, he with great ease and vivacity exposed them to the ridicule of the company. In general, men of this description bring to the support of their desperate cause some ingenious sophism, by which they keep their adversary at bay; but these wretched philosophers entangled themselves in their own arguments. "I have seduced," observed the poet, "all the laughers to my side:" and added, on their going away, "God Almighty has two very feeble enemies in those two orators."

Boileau always spoke of Racine in terms of warm and uniform applause. He entitled him the observer. He used to say, that nature seemed to have unveiled to Moliere her most secret treasures of knowledge in the morals and manners of mankind. He used to add, that Moliere always thought with correctness, but wrote often with negligence. This fault of style was common to him with Fontaine; who, hurried on by the ardour of composition, never looked back with the intention of revising his errors. Boileau used to lament the loss of Moliere's short comedy of the Amorous Professor; as, even in his smallest works, much wit and humour always shone forth. Boileau thought his very popular play, the Amphitryon, a moderate performance. He preferred the prologue of Plautus, to his Amphitryon, before that of the French comic writer. He gave the same preference to the scene between Jupiter and Alcmena in the play of Plautus, and thought it superior to Moliere's in point of humour.

Moliere, on and off the stage, exhibited great comic powers; his mirth, his sentiments, and his whole conversation, were liberal, and becoming a gentleman. The only circumstance degrading to him was his profession of a player; the labours

of which he sustained more for the sake of the advantages accruing to his associates than to himself.

A few days before his death, Boileau called on him, who was afflicted with a dangerous cold, by which his lungs were so harassed, that his dissolution seemed rapidly advancing. Moliere, naturally reserved, expressed himself with much affection towards Boileau, at this meeting; which occasioned the latter to speak thus openly to him: "My dear Moliere, your situation moves my pity. The continual activity of your mind and the violent exercise of your lungs on the stage, should prevent your further exertions in your profession. Cannot any of your brother actors assume your parts? Confine yourself to composition, and the public will esteem you the more, who look upon your actors as hirelings; and they themselves, who are not at present very complaisant to you, will, when you are off the stage, feel a greater respect to your person." "Ah, sir!" replied the sick man, "what is it you say? I cannot think of quitting a station of such high honour."

Boileau used to relate, that when he read to Moliere his satire, which began with these lines (in English),

"There raves no madman, but, with
grave rebukes,
Would send his brother maniac to St.
Luke's,

Moliere observed, that he had once an intention of attempting this subject; but that he was deterred from it by the consideration of the great delicacy necessary in such an undertaking. A comic poet, added he, should confine himself to those aberrations of mind, which society considers as venial; and for which they do not shut up the delinquents, but treat them as fools and simpletons.

Terence was a great favourite of Boileau. Terence, said he, touches the heart with his expressions. He aims not to excite laughter: an affectation too general in

other comic writers: his language is that of nature, which he imitates very perfectly. His servants are not like those of Plautus, always planning schemes, and always successful in them. The servants of Terence correct their blunders in a natural way, by recollection and experience. It is astonishing, as he wrote after so popular and established an author as Plautus, in spite of all his extravagant and farcical pleasantries, that Terence should yet supersede him in the opinion of the Roman people; and by methods so unlikely to succeed as writing according to reason, which attracts the approbation alone of the finer sorts of intellect: nor is it less strange, that the Roman people, so sensible in many other particulars, should so often err in their judgments of true and natural dramatic representations. The people will wish to laugh, be the conditions what they may: so that the merit of Terence is exalted, by the circumstance of his having brought the people to his own taste, instead of submitting to that of the people. Terence, added Boileau, is superior to Moliere in his faithful imitations of nature: for the latter sometimes descends into ribaldry to please the multitude, forgetful of men of true discernment. Besides, Terence knows when to stop short: a caution Moliere too little respects.

A man of very good sense, but totally unacquainted with literature, said once, before Boileau, that he had rather be able to make a wig than to make a poem: adding, "What is the use of poetry, and what end does it answer?"—"This very circumstance," replied Boileau, "raises my admiration of poetry: that having nothing useful in it, nevertheless it should be the delight of all men of talents and reputation."

He used to relate a dispute about the style of Balzac, which he held with the mareschal de Grammont, who was a great admirer of this inflated mode of composition. "I observed," said the satirist, "that

the use of hyperbole, a favourite figure of Balzac's, was very easy of imitation. I gave an instance in the case of a man who spoke remarkably deliberately. The words *yes* and *no* in his mouth are prolix; and these two monosyllables become periods by his pronunciation." "Excellent!" replied the mareschal de Grammont; "this example is the best thing you ever uttered."

Boileau used to say of La Fontaine, that he had a good deal of wit, but of one sort only: and that his shrewd yet simple mode of expressing himself was not original, but borrowed from Marot and Rabelais, &c.; that a cautious use of his style was commendable, since Racine had employed it judiciously in some epigrams composed by him. La Fontaine (added Boileau) in many passages surpasses his masters: and in his tales and odes he is incomparable: and even in places where modesty condemns the sentiments, impartial criticism must allow that his diction retains inimitable delicacy.

He held in little esteem the poetry of Scarron: he thought that the burlesque, and the low humour contained in it, was carried too far: but he highly commended his prose writings, and thought his style in this mode of composition very beautiful; particularly the prose of his Comic Romance. Scarron, added he, has great variety as well as sweetness in the arrangement of the language: and he possesses the happiest method of rescuing trifling circumstances from the contempt of his reader, by his way of relating them. Boileau wished that the Comic Romance should be continued: and had collected memoirs for that purpose, which he gave to a friend, in order to publish them; but the scheme was laid aside for reasons unknown.

In making the distinction between legitimate comedies and farces (the latter of which excite laughter more than the most complete models of the former, though replete with natural characters, and recommended

by the most ingenious story) he used to observe, that there were two kinds of laughter: one came upon you by surprise; the other, being rational, produced a more effectual and more heart-felt mirth. For, he added, the province of reason is to give us pleasure: and when we see characters in a play happily represented, and the action of the piece justly supported, we cannot withhold our applause; which if we do not display by fits of laughter, we betray a certain air of satisfaction, which is inspired by the pleasure we inwardly experience. Buffooneries, which make us laugh, have certainly their merit; but, compared with a piece abounding in natural traits of character delicately conceived, are very inferior in the opinion of every man of true taste. Nature, depicted in her loveliest colours, with which genuine comedy boasts to invest her, is alone capable of filling the heart with sincere mirth, and inspiring the mind with delight, unmixed with reproach. This is the sole effect from comedy which men of elegance expect; and the surest foundation on which an author can build his lawful and lasting reputation.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

A Story.

The following amusing story was published by Dr. Johnson in the course of his *Idler*, which appeared originally in a newspaper, but when he collected these papers into volumes, he thought proper, but very unaccountably, to omit this paper, and it was consequently lost to the public, until, accidentally, the paper in which it appeared was discovered, and it seems amply deserving of republication.

MANY naturalists are of opinion, that the animals which we commonly consider as mute, have the power of imparting their thoughts to one another. That they can express

general sensations is very certain; every being that can utter sounds, has a different voice for pleasure and for pain. The hound informs his fellows when he scents his game; the hen calls her chickens to their food by her cluck, and drives them from danger by her scream.

Birds have the greatest variety of notes; they have indeed a variety which seems almost sufficient to make a speech adequate to the purposes of a life, which is regulated by instinct, and can admit little change or improvement. To the cries of birds, curiosity or superstition has been always attentive; many have studied the language of the feathered tribes, and some have boasted that they understood it.

The most skilful or most confident interpreters of the sylvan dialogues, have been commonly found among the philosophers of the east, in a country where the calmness of the air and the mildness of the seasons allow the student to pass a great part of the year in groves and bowers. But what may be done in one place by peculiar opportunities, may be performed in another by peculiar diligence. A shepherd of Bohemia has, by long abode in the forests, enabled himself to understand the voice of birds; at least he relates with great confidence a story, of which the credulity is less to be considered by the learned.

“As I was sitting (said he) within a hollow rock, and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures interchangeably crying on the summit of the cliff. Both voices were earnest and deliberate. My curiosity prevailed over my care of my flock; I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs, till I found a cavity where I might sit and listen without suffering or giving disturbance.

I soon perceived that my labour would be well repaid: for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and prepar-

ing, by the last lecture, for their final dismission to the mountains and the skies.

My children, said the old vulture, you will less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes: you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl; you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture: you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food; I have often regaled you with the flesh of man. Tell us, said the young vultures, where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest? He is too bulky, said the mother; when we find a man, we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground. Since man is so big, said the young ones, how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear, by what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenceless than a sheep? We have not the strength of man, returned the mother, and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtilty; and the vultures would seldom feast upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a ferocity which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood, and covered with carcasses, of which many are dismembered and mangled for the convenience of the vulture. But when men have killed their prey, said the pupil, why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he has satisfied

himself. Is not man another kind of wolf? Man, said the mother, is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species. If men kill our prey and lay it in our way, said the young one, what need shall we have of labouring for ourselves? Because man will, sometimes, replied the mother, remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flight of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood. But still, said the young one, I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat. My child, said the mother, this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtle bird of the mountain. When I was young, I used frequently to visit the aery of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks: he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly, between the rising and the setting of the summer sun; he had fed year after year on the entrails of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables, with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the falling acorns, so men are by some unaccountable power driven one against another, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these mischievous beings; and those that hover more closely round them, pretend that there is, in every herd, one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom

the biggest or the swiftest, but he shows by his eagerness and diligence that he is, more than any of the others, a friend to the vultures.

For the Literary Magazine.

TRAITS OF THE CHARACTER OF BURNS, THE POET: WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS, AND A COMPARISON OF HIS GENIUS WITH THAT OF COWPER.

SOME traits of the character of Cowper have been already inserted in this work. Perhaps a few remarks on a still more extraordinary genius of our days may not be unacceptable. The writer is not so presumptuous as to attempt to add any new light to what is contained in the life of Burns, by Dr. Currie, who, himself, alas! is now to be numbered with the dead; but ventures merely to indulge himself, and, he hopes, some of his readers, in dwelling on a pleasing topic, and, perhaps, in comparing some of the endowments of this gifted being, with those of the author of the *Task*.

No poet's life ever exhibited colours so much in unison with those of his writings as that of Burns; and as the charms of his poetry excited our curiosity for the memoirs of the man, the latter have raised a new and infinitely increased interest in his compositions. Much as I admire the exquisite tenderness and moral delicacy of Cowper's temperament, I confess I am still more delighted with the boldness and vehemence of the bard of Caledonia. "His generous affections, his ardent eloquence, his brilliant and daring imagination*" make him my idol. His proper regard to the dignity of his own powers, his stern and indignant elevation of manners, and due jealousy and repression of the insolence of rank and wealth, are worthy of inexpressible applause.

* Currie. Life. 151.

"Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre,"

says Beattie, who, however, with a more timid character, does not seem to have entirely acted up to his own advice. Burns knew it well, and extorted respect from the most unwilling. The herd of stupid sensualists, who consider the writer of verses as an idler in childish toys and silly bubbles of air, were awed in his presence. The tones of his voice, the dark frowns of his commanding countenance, the lightning of his eye, produced instantaneous feelings of inferiority and submission, and secured to genius its just estimation.

They who abandon the cause which they ought to support, who shrink before vulgar greatness, and who seem ashamed in public of that on which the reflections of their closets teach them to place the highest veneration, and on which their only claims to notice can be grounded, deserve no common contempt. The courage and high sentiments of Burns placed him far above this meanness.

In a letter to Mr. Cunningham, August 8, 1790, he says,

"However, tossed about as I am, if I choose (and who would not choose) to bind down with the crampets of attention the brazen foundation of integrity, I may rear up the superstructure of independence, and from its daring turrets bid defiance to the storms of fate. And is not this "a consummation devoutly to be wished?"

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;

Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along
the sky!"

"Are not these noble verses? They are the introduction of Smollet's Ode to Independence. How wretched is the man that hangs on by the favours of the great! To shrink from every dignity of man, at the approach of a lordly piece of self-consequence, who, amid all his tinsel glitter and stately hauteur, is

but a creature formed as thou art, and perhaps not so well formed as thou art, came into the world a puling infant as thou didst, and must go out of it as all men must, a naked corpse†." * * *

It was not far from the same time, and nearly in the same spirit, that he wrote the following, Jan. 17, 1791, to Mr. Peter Hill.

"Take these two guineas, and place them over against that **** account of yours! which has gagged my mouth these five or six months! I can as little write good things as apologies to the man I owe money to. O the supreme curse of making three guineas do the business of five! Not all the labours of Hercules, not all the Hebrews' three centuries of Egyptian bondage, were such an insuperable business, such an **** task! Poverty! thou half-sister of Death, thou cousin-german of Hell! where shall I find force of execration equal to the amplitude of thy demerits? Oppressed by thee, the venerable ancient, grown hoary in the practice of every virtue, laden with years and wretchedness, implores a little, little aid to support his existence from a stony-hearted son of Mammon, whose sun of prosperity never knew a cloud; and is by him denied and insulted. Oppressed by thee, the man of sentiment, whose heart glows with independence, and melts with sensibility, only pines under the neglect, or writhes in bitterness of soul, under the contumely of arrogant unfeeling wealth. Oppressed by thee, the son of genius, whose ill-starred ambition plants him at the tables of the fashionable and polite, must see in suffering silence his remark neglected, and his person despised, while shallow greatness, in his hideous attempts at wit, shall meet with countenance and applause. Nor is it only the family of worth that have reason to complain of thee; the children of folly and vice, though in

† "The strain of indignant invective goes on some time longer in the style which our bard was too apt to indulge." Currie's note.

common with thee the offspring of evil, smart equally under thy rod. Owing to thee, the man of unfortunate disposition and neglected education is condemned as a fool for his dissipation, despised and shunned as a needy wretch, when his follies as usual bring him to want; and when his unprincipled necessities drive him to dishonest practices, he is abhorred as a miscreant, and perishes by the justice of his country. But far otherwise is the lot of the man of family and fortune. His early follies and extravagance are spirit and fire; his consequent wants are the embarrassments of an honest fellow; and when, to remedy the matter, he has gained a legal commission to plunder distant provinces, or massacre peaceful nations, he returns, perhaps, laden with the spoils of rapine and murder; lives wicked and respected, and dies a **** and a lord! Nay, worst of all, alas for helpless woman! the needy prostitute, who has shivered at the corner of the street, waiting to earn the wages of casual prostitution, is left neglected and insulted, ridden down by the chariot wheels of the coroneted RIP, hurrying on to the guilty assignation; she who, without the same necessities to plead, riots nightly in the same guilty trade!

"Well, divines may say of it what they please, but execration is to the mind what phlebotomy is to the body: the vital sluices of both are wonderfully relieved by their respective evacuations."

Thus it was that the sentiments which breathe in the poetry of Burns constantly animated his own bosom in the intercourse of life. They were not "conjured up" merely "for the occasions" of his muse. He never felt, thought, or acted, but as a poet. The silent walk, the interesting hour of female society, and the rude and boisterous merriment of the feast and the bowl, were all tingured with the varying emotions of the bard. His powerful sensibilities, too strong to be tingured with any of that affectation which justly exposes feeble pretenders to ridicule and scorn,

found an uncontrouled vent, and constantly fed that stream of living colours, in which his pen was dipped. To the artifices of composition, the trick of combining tawdry or mellifluous words, which

"Play round the 'ear;' but come not to the heart,"

he had never occasion to resort. His mind was always full, and he wrote from it: he only sought for language, therefore, as the channel of his thoughts. On this account there is a pervading spirit in his writings, which shines with palpable superiority through their dress.

Dr. Currie has observed, that if fiction be the soul of poetry, as some assert, Burns can have no pretensions to the name of poet. But perhaps Dr. Currie understands the term "fiction" a little too strictly; and the proposition may not be as inconsistent with the undoubted claims of Burns, as he supposes. It is true that Burns's compositions are almost entirely founded on the feelings and circumstances of his own life. He has never shown an extent of fiction like Shakespeare, who placed himself in a thousand situations and characters remote from his own, and then, by imagining the natural operations of the human bosom under these circumstances, realized fancy, and brought the living characters to our view. But of that fiction which could vary and new-combine the feelings and incidents of his own experience, could re-create the phantoms of his brain when they were past, could bring them before his mental eye, arrange them in new groupes, and command their vivid attendance, till he had delineated them in language and metre, how few have possessed the power like Burns! If the observation of Dr. Joseph Warton be just, that "Nature is more powerful than fancy, and we can always feel more than we can imagine" (which, perhaps, however, may be doubted), there are some great advantages in this limited species of fiction.

It must not, however, be forgot

that Burns has a few claims to the power of fiction in its more enlarged sense. No poem ever more glowed with life than "Robert Bruce's Address to his Army, at the battle of Bannockburn." And there are some others written for "Thomson's Scots Airs," and for "Johnson's Scots Musical Museum," of this sort.

But why should I continue the coarse and blundering touches of my pen in endeavouring to draw the portrait of Burns, when he has given us so many sketches himself? Take for instance this, from his "Letter CXXXVI, to miss C***, Aug., 1793."

"What is said of illustrious descent is, I believe, equally true of a talent for poetry: none ever despised it who had pretensions to it. The fates and characters of the rhyming tribe often employ my thoughts when I am disposed to be melancholy. There is not among all the martyrologies that ever were penned, so rueful a narrative as the lives of the poets. In the comparative view of wretches, the criterion is not what they are doomed to suffer, but how they are formed to bear. Take a being of our kind, give him a stronger imagination and a more delicate sensibility, which between them will ever engender a more ungovernable set of passions than are the usual lot of man; implant in him an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary, such as arranging wild flowers in fantastical nosegays, tracing the grasshopper to his haunt by his chirping song, watching the frisks of the little minnows in the sunny pools, or hunting after the intrigues of butterflies; in short, send him adrift after some pursuit which shall eternally mislead him from the paths of lucre, and yet curse him with a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that lucre can purchase; lastly, fill up the measure of his woes by bestowing on him a spurning sense of his own dignity, and you have created a wight nearly as miserable as a poet. To you, madam, I need not recount the fairy pleasures the muse bestows to counter-

balance this catalogue of evils. Bewitching poetry is like bewitching woman; she has in all ages been accused of misleading mankind from the counsels of wisdom and the paths of prudence, involving them in difficulties, baiting them with poverty, branding them with infamy, and plunging them in the whirling vortex of ruin; yet where is the man but must own that all our happiness on earth is not worthy the name; that even the holy hermit's solitary prospect of paradisaical bliss is but the glitter of a northern sun rising over a frozen region, compared with the many pleasures, the nameless raptures that we owe to the lovely queen of the heart of man."

This letter is a mixture of gallantry, playfulness, and melancholy truths. That which follows, addressed "to Mrs. Dunlop from Ellisland, new-year's-day morning, 1789," is of a much higher tone.

"This, dear madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the apostle James's description! "the prayer of a righteous man availeth much." In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings: every thing that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self-enjoyment should be removed, and every pleasure that frail humanity can taste, should be yours. I own myself so little a presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought, which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery.

"This day, the first Sunday of May, a breezy blue-eyed noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day, about the end of autumn; these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

"I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the *Spectator*, "The Vision of Mirza;" a piece that

struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables: "On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer."

"We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers, in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like an Eolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities: a God that made all things; man's immaterial and immortal nature; and a world of weal and woe beyond death and the grave."

This is of a very high tone; but the next exceeds it. It is "Letter CXLVIII, to Mr. Cunningham, dated 25th Feb., 1794."

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul, tost on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading that the next surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou give to a frame, tremblingly alive as the tortures of

suspense, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast? If thou canst not do the least of these, why wouldst thou disturb me in my miseries with thy inquiries after me?

"For these two months I have not been able to lift a pen. My constitution and frame were, *ab origine*, blasted with a deep incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence. Of late, a number of domestic vexations, and some pecuniary share in the ruin of these **** times; losses which, though trifling, were yet what I could ill bear, have so irritated me, that my feelings at times could only be envied by a reprobate spirit listening to the sentence that dooms it to perdition.

"Are you deep in the language of consolation? I have exhausted in reflection every topic of comfort. A heart at ease would have been charmed with my sentiments and reasonings; but as to myself, I was like Judas Iscariot preaching the gospel; he might melt and mould the hearts of those around him, but his own kept its native incorrigibility.

"Still there are two great pillars that bear us up amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The one is composed of the different modifications of a certain noble, stubborn something in man, known by the names of courage, fortitude, magnanimity. The other is made up of those feelings and sentiments, which, however the sceptic may deny them, or the enthusiast disfigure them, are yet, I am convinced, component parts of the human soul; those senses of the mind, if I may be allowed the expression, which connect us with, and link us to, those awful obscure realities, an all-powerful and equally beneficent God, and a world to come beyond death and the grave. The first gives the nerve of combat, while a ray of hope beams on the field. The last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure.

"I do not remember, my dear

Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it as the trick of the crafty FEW, to lead the undiscerning MANY; or, at most, as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know any thing of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion, any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what to me and to others were such superlative sources of enjoyment. It is in this point of view, and for this reason, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. Let me flatter myself, that this sweet little fellow, who is just now running about my desk, will be a man of a melting, ardent, glowing heart; and an imagination, delighted with the painter, and rapt with the poet. Let me figure him wandering out in a sweet evening, to inhale the balmy gales, and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the spring; himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through nature up to nature's God. His soul, by swift, delighting degrees, is rapt above this sublunary sphere, until he can be silent no longer, and bursts out into the glorious enthusiasm of Thomson:

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling
year
Is full of thee."

"These are no ideal pleasures; they are real delights; and I ask what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say equal, to them? And they have this precious vast addition, that conscious virtue stamps them for her own; and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God."

They who most value an insipid propriety and decorum, which are

the protection of the dull and the stupid, will consider these ebullitions to be but little recompence for the irregularities of the bard. Their test of a good understanding and amiable character directly terminates in SELF. "What is the indiscretion," they cry, "that can be redeemed by a few songs?" A few songs! which they would not obtain at the expence of an awkward bow, and an inopportune expression! But if "to make the distant and the future predominate over the present" be "to advance us in the train of intellectual beings," then how high a station does he merit, who lives in a conflict of passions, who endures the heated temperament of fancy, who suffers poverty, neglect, and scorn, and calumny, for the sake of delighting those whom he has never seen, or perhaps heard of, and of charming, by the efforts of his muse, the remote shores of the Atlantic, and generations yet unborn!

The poet's frailties extend but a little way. His imprudences, his ill-timed ardours, his disregard of interest, his sallies of intemperance, and all those excesses which are always bordering on his virtues, affect but himself and a few around him. Of what thousands will his compositions tend to refine the understanding, to melt the heart, and exalt the soul! Burns's personal faults are buried with his personal virtues in the grave,

"Where they alike in trembling hope
repose,
The bosom of his Father and his
God."

His works live in full vigour, and will live as long as the language lasts. Of how many a lover will they soothe the sorrows; of how many a soldier will they inflame the patriotism; of how many a genius will they fan the fires! How often will they disperse the gloom of solitude, and appease the agonies of pain! How often will they encourage virtue, and show vice its ugliness!

That unconquerable love of intel-

lectual fame, which urges the elevated mind

"To scorn delights, and live laborious
days,"

can never indeed be appreciated, or even conceived, by these selfish and half-brutal censurers. As they know not how to value its productions, still less can they estimate with candour its concomitant errors and miseries.

"The occupations of a poet," says Dr. Currie, "are not calculated to strengthen the governing powers of the mind, or to weaken that sensibility which requires perpetual controul, since it gives birth to the vehemence of passion as well as to the higher powers of imagination. Unfortunately, the favourite occupations of genius are calculated to increase all its peculiarities; to nourish that lofty pride which disdains the littleness of prudence, and the restrictions of order; and, by indulgence, to increase that sensibility which in the present form of our existence is scarcely compatible with peace or happiness, even when accompanied with the choicest gifts of fortune!

"It is observed by one who was a friend and associate of Burns, and who has contemplated and explained the system of animated nature, that no sentient being with mental powers greatly superior to those of men, could possibly live and be happy in this world. "If such a being really existed," continues he, "his misery would be extreme: with senses more delicate and refined, with perceptions more acute and penetrating, with a taste so exquisite, that the objects around him would by no means gratify it, obliged to feed on nourishment too gross for his frame, he must be born only to be miserable, and the continuation of his existence would be utterly impossible. Even in our present condition, the sameness and the insipidity of objects and pursuits, the futility of pleasure, and the infinite sources of excruciating pain, are supported with great difficulty by cultivated and refined minds. Increase our

sensibilities, continue the same objects and situation, and no man could bear to live*."

"Thus it appears that our powers of sensation, as well as all our other powers, are adapted to the scene of our existence; that they are limited in mercy as well as in wisdom.

"The speculations of Mr. Smellie are not to be considered as the dreams of a theorist; they were probably founded on sad experience. The being he supposes "with senses more delicate and refined, with perceptions more acute and penetrating," is to be found in real life. He is of the temperament of genius, and, perhaps, a poet†."

They, whose conduct is not actuated by views of direct benefit to themselves, but who live for the public, and look to no personal advantages but those which are the remote and uncertain result of general esteem and admiration, are considered by the herd of mankind, as of a romantic and enthusiastic character, which is only fitted for the abodes of insanity: an opinion which the passages, cited from Currie and Smellie, will tend to confirm.— "What is the use of talents," I hear them say, "which will not enable a man to direct himself; or of an imagination, which makes him melancholy and miserable?" But mark the poet in one of his happier moments! Observe the excess of his enjoyment, exhibited in the Tale of Tam O'Shanter!

— ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter told his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:

* Smellie. See his *Philosophy of Natural History*, vol. I, p. 526.

† Currie's *Life of Burns*, p. 231, 232.

The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm:
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride.

Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
&c. &c. &c. &c.

What think you of this, ye dull estimators of selfish pleasures? Do not I again hear you exclaim, "Mad fancies! The sights that Tam O'Shanter describes are not true. But if they were, why bring before our minds what is only adapted to frighten us, and give us pain!" Ye gloriers in your own stupidity, what a pity it is ye wear the form of an intellectual being!

But, for the comfort of the plodders, these rapid and violent movements were wearing out the thread of life too fast. The machine could not endure this violent pace the usual length of time; and Burns died in July, 1796, in his thirty-eighth year. He sunk a martyr to his sen-

sibility : a sensibility, to which, though the bitterness of malice and envy will attribute the fatal effects of it to his vicious indulgences, yet it must be recollected that other poets have fallen victims, whose morals have been pure and spotless. The sensibility of Cowper, for a time, overwhelmed his faculties at an age as early as that at which Burns found a refuge in the grave.

The genius of Burns was more sublime than that of Cowper. Both excelled in the familiar : but yet the latter was by nature as well as education more gentle, more easy, and delicate : he had also more of tenuity, while Burns was more concise, more bold, and energetic. They both also abounded in humour, which possessed the same characteristics in each ; one mild, serene, and smiling ; the other daring and powerful, full of fire and imagery. The poems of one fill the heart and the fancy with the soft pleasures of domestic privacy, with the calm and innocent occupations of rural solitude, the pensive musings of the moralist, and the chastised indignation of pure and simple virtue ; the poems of the other breathe by turns grief, love, joy, melancholy, despair, and terror ; plunge us in the vortex of passion, and hurry us away on the wings of unrestrained and undirected fancy.

Cowper could paint the scenery of nature and the simple emotions of the heart with exquisite simplicity and truth. Burns could array the morning, the noon, and the evening in new colours ; could add new graces to female beauty, and new tenderness to the voice of love. In every situation in which he was placed, his mind seized upon the most striking circumstances, and combining them anew, and dressing them with all the fairy trappings of his imagination, he produced visions such as none but "poets dream." Wherever he went, in whatever he was employed, he saw every thing with a poet's eye, and clothed it with a poet's tints.

The hearts and tempers of these

bards seem to have been cast in moulds equally distinct : while Cowper shrunk from difficulties and was palsied with dangers, we can conceive Burns at times riding with delight in the whirlwind, performing prodigies of heroism, and foremost in the career of a glorious death. We can almost suppose in his athletic form and daring countenance, had he lived in times of barbarism, and been tempted by hard necessity to forego his principles, such a one as we behold at the head of a banditti in the savage scenery of Sal-vador Rosa, gilding the crimes of violence and depredation by acts of valour and generosity ! In Cowper, on the contrary, we view a man only fitted for the most refined state of society, and for the bowers of peace and security.

There is a relative claim to superiority on the side of Burns, on which I cannot lay so much stress as many are inclined to do. I mean his want of education, while the other enjoyed all the discipline and all the advantages of a great public school. If the addiction to the muses, and the attainment of poetical excellence, were nothing more than an accidental application of general talents to a particular species of intellectual occupation, how happens it that among the vast numbers educated at Westminster, or Eton, or Winchester, or Harrow, among whom there must be very many of very high natural endowments, and where, day after day, and year after year, they are habituated to poetical composition by every artifice of emulation, and every advantage of precept and example, so few should attain the rank of genuine poets, while Burns, in a clay-built hovel, amid the labours of the plough and the flail, under the anxiety of procuring his daily bread, with little instruction and few books, and surrounded only by the humblest society, felt an irresistible impulse to poetry, which surmounted every obstacle, and reached a felicity of expression, a force of sentiment, and a richness of imagery scarce ever ri-

valled by a union of ability, education, practice, and laborious effort?—Thinking, therefore, that poetical talent is a bent impressed by the hand of Nature, I cannot give the greatest weight to subsequent artificial circumstances; but yet I must admit that in the case of Burns they were so unfavourable that no common natural genius could have overcome them.

On the contrary, there were some points in the history of Burns more propitious to the bolder features of poetry, than in that of Cowper. He wrote in the season of youth, when all the passions were at their height; his life was less uniform, and his station was more likely to encourage energy and enthusiasm, than the more polished and more insipid ranks, to which the other belonged. In the circles of fashion, fire and impetuosity are deemed vulgar; and with the roughnesses of the human character all its force is too often smoothed away. An early intercourse with the upper *mobility* is too apt to damp all the generous emotions, and make one ashamed of romantic hopes and sublime conceptions. From blights of this kind the early situation of Burns protected him. The heaths and mountains of Scotland, among which he lived, braced his nerves with vigour, and cherished the bold and striking colours of his mind.

But it seems to me vain and idle to speculate upon education and outward circumstances, as the causes or promoters of poetical genius. It is the inspiring breath of Nature alone, which gives the powers of the genuine bard, and creates a ruling propensity, and a peculiar cast of character, which will rise above every impediment, but can be substituted by neither art nor labour. To write mellifluous verses in language which may seem to the eye and the ear adorned with both imagery and elegance, may be a faculty neither unattainable, nor even uncommon. But to give that soul, that predominance of thought, that illuminated tone of a living spirit, which

spring in so inexplicable a manner from the chords of the real lyre, is beyond the reach of mere human arrangement, without the innate and very rare gift of the muse. That gift has regard neither to rank, station, nor riches. It shone over the cradles of Surry and Buckhurst, amid the splendour of palaces, and the lustre of coronets; it shone over those of Milton, and Cowley, and Dryden, and Gray, and Collins, amid scenes of frugal and unostentatious competence and mediocrity; it shone over that of Burns, in the thatched hovel, the chill abode of comfortless penury and humble labour.

If there be any who doubt whether, in the exercise of this gift, Burns contributed to his own happiness, let them hear the testimony of himself. "Poesy," says he to Dr. Moore, "was still a darling walk for my mind; but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme, and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet*!" In truth, without regard to happiness, or misery, the impulse of the true poet towards his occupation is generally irresistible, even to the neglect of all to which prudence and self-interest imperiously dictate his attention. Thus placed in the conflict of opposite attractions he too often falls a victim to the compunctions of mental regret, and the actual stripes of worldly adversity. But the dye is cast; even the misery, which is endured in such a cause, is dear to him; and the hope that his memory will live, and the pictures of his mind be cherished when his bones are mouldering in the dust, is a counterpoise to more than ordinary sufferings!

I do not mean to encourage the

* Life, p. 48.

idea, that the imprudences, and much less the immoralities, of Burns, were absolutely inseparable from the brilliance of his talents, or the sensibilities of his heart. I am not justifying, I only attempt to plead for them, in mitigation of the harsh and narrow censures of malignity and envy. I call on those of dull heads and sour tempers to judge with candour and mercy, to respect human frailties, more especially when redeemed by accompanying virtues, and to enter not into the garden of Fancy with implements too coarse, lest, in the attempt to destroy the weeds, they pluck up also all the flowers.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE PRESUMPTION OF PHILOSOPHY.

By Henry Fielding, Esq.

Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia.—HOR.

Our folly would look into Heaven.

I HAVE lately read over a very entertaining little book, called an *Account of English Ants*. A performance which appears by its date to have been five years in the world, in which, if the author had been better known, his work would have had the same fate, and have been ranked, as it deserves, among the most curious productions of the age. But as the name of the reverend Mr. Gould, though a gentleman, a scholar, and a master of arts, is not yet famous in the republic of letters, this excellent work hath hitherto, I apprehend, been suffered to sleep among the rubbish of the times.

From many extraordinary discoveries, which the ingenious writer has made in the ways of this surprising insect, he proceeds to draw some moral lessons for the use of mankind. "Their incredible affection toward their young," says he, "might teach us to value posterity,

and promote its happiness. The obedience they pay their respective queens, might read us a lecture of true loyalty and subjection. Their incessant labours may serve to enliven the industrious, and shame the lazy part of mankind. The unanimous care exerted by each colony for the common emolument, might let us know the consequence of public good, and tempt us to endeavour the prosperity of our countrymen. From their economy we may learn prudence, from their sagacity wisdom," &c.

Many great authors have spoken largely of the understanding of these little insects. Horace expressly recommends their example to the imitation of mankind, and Solomon himself sends us to the ant, as to the school of wisdom.

While I was meditating on the astonishing instances of sagacity, prudence, and art, which are exemplified in the economy of ants, and which are displayed by the ingenious author of the above-mentioned little book, it occurred to my imagination, that these little insects may possibly resemble the human species in many particulars, of which it may be beyond the reach of the most curious enquirer to discern the least trace or footstep. They may possess many of our sciences, which we can never discover, as we do their skill in architecture, from the effect: and that for a very simple, though a very convincing reason, because those sciences among the ants, as indeed among us, do end in nothing, and produce no effect at all.

Such, for instance, among us, are the higher branches of natural philosophy; that philosophy, I mean, which is always prying into the secrets of nature, and lying in wait, as it were, to peep into her dressing room, to view her naked, and before she is drest in any kind of form. A bold attempt, and for which the philosophers have been often deprived of that little share of sense, which they before possessed. Indeed, I am apt to think, that if a

superior being was to examine into the ways of man with the same curiosity with which my author has searched into those of ants, he would not be able to make any thing of this philosopher, nor discover what he was about, when he was employed in his lucubrations.

In the course of my meditation, however, a thought suggested itself to me, that it was very reasonable to think there might be some such insects as these natural philosophers among the ants, and when the thought was once started, it afforded such entertainment to my fancy, that I could not avoid pursuing it, till it threw me into a kind of reverie, in which I fell asleep, and was amused with the following dream :

I dreamt I was lying down near a large ant-hill, where I perceived a number of those little insects assembled together ; and as I had in my reverie already gifted them with the use of speech, I dreamt that one of them informed me, that they were a set of philosophers, assembled to enquire into the cause of a violent and sudden deluge, which had happened some time before, and had swept off almost a whole colony.

There is in dreams a strange jumble of phantoms and realities. Now what brought this subject of their enquiries into my mind was, an accident to which I was last summer an eye-witness, when I saw a very large cow discharge a vast shower on an ant-hill, which, as I afterward observed, had destroyed a great number of the inhabitants.

But to return to my dream : on a sudden one of the insects, that was elevated above the rest on a small bit of earth, about twice as large as a moderate pin's head, seemed to address himself to the rest in the following speech, which I wrote down the moment I awaked.

" It behoves every ant, that desires to excel other insects, to avoid with the utmost diligence the wasting his life in silence, like those insects which nature seems to have formed for no other purpose than to

eat, or be eaten. Now all our energy is placed either in the body or in the mind ; that is formed to command, and this to obey ; that we partake in common with the meanest fly, this we enjoy in partnership with the gods. To me, therefore, it seems wiser to seek glory from our wit, than from our strength ; and since our life is but short, to lengthen out our memory as far as we can.

" Now by what can we hope to effect this so certainly, as by that investigation of nature, that search into the first causes of things, which as it is the noblest and most useful of all studies, so is it most fitly accommodated to the dignity of an ant, the noblest insect which this world ever saw. A study of such infinite benefit to ant kind, that without it, that most useful art of curing distempers, which we call physic, could never have been improved as it has been to such a degree of certainty and perfection.

" Other branches there be of this philosophy, which may reasonably be presumed to have their utility, though this is sometimes not so very apparent. In these, learned ants have most notably bestirred themselves in all ages to their immortal honour ; and from which the world have been enriched with that vast treasure of opinions ; it being remarkable, that scarcely any two ants, or any two ages, have concurred in the same.

" Among those honorary or diverticulating articles of enquiry, on which so many learned ants have spent their whole lives, none, I think, has exercised the talents of the ingenious, more than an enquiry into the causes of that mighty deluge which happened in the reign of queen Pissmiris the tenth, by which this old ant-hill, which we now inhabit, was laid under water ; and scarce a single ant escaped, save only the queen, with fifty-nine of her lovers, who were then retired with her majesty for her recreation to the inmost recesses of the hill, and were happily preserved.

"To repeat to you all that has been advanced on this subject, would be endless. None, I apprehend, have yet hit on the true cause. As for that mighty ant, Dr. Hook, who would account for this deluge by a compression of the earth into a prolated spheroid, so as thereby to squeeze out the waters of the abyss, this would only drown the two extreme zones of the hill, whereas the middle zone would thus be squeezed up instead of down, and so could never be immersed. And as for the egregious ant, who would have it to be occasioned by the shock of a comet, which, instantly changing the poles and diurnal rotations of the globe, would occasion a puddle of water to recede from those parts toward which the poles did approach, and to increase upon and overflow those parts from which the poles were departed; it is sufficient to observe, that the learned ant himself did afterward confess he had forgot to consider the great agitation such a shock must necessarily occasion in the puddle, and though he would not give up his hypothesis (which no ant ever did or will), yet he confesses it would be extremely difficult to conceive, how her majesty and her court could be preserved alive in such a convulsion.

"Before I undertake to consider the cause of this deluge, I shall premise that it is agreed on all hands, that the air had been greatly obscured for a long space of time, and that violent bellowsings had been heard in it. The cloud too which then overspread the hill hung so extremely low, that it is computed if five hundred ants were heaped on each other, the uppermost ant would have reached up to it. Another circumstance agreed is, that the waters no sooner began to fall, than they rushed down in a continued cataract, and with inconceivable violence.

"I account therefore for this deluge in the following manner.

"A learned ant has long since proved, by some curious hydrosta-

tic experiments, that water, though it has not all the energetic powers of an animated insect, has yet the power of motion. Indeed, such experiments were scarce necessary, since we see it come and go every day, which certainly nothing can do but what can move. And what is more common than to see it come into our cells to-day, and remove itself to-morrow?

"Secondly, though water may be divided into drops, otherwise it could not have been calculated for the use of us ants, yet these drops, whenever they have an opportunity, will run to one another, so that they have been strongly concluded to be male and female. They likewise have an adhesive quality, by which they are able to unite themselves so strongly in one body, that to separate them immediately into drops again, would require an immense number of ants.

"Thirdly, water, when it ascends upward, does always ascend in drops, and those almost too small for our sight; but when it descends or falls down, it falls in a body of two, three, four, or more drops together, as we often see in the falling of clouds, which are so many united bodies of drops of water; most commonly male and female; as a learned ant observes, who very ingeniously derives hence the propagation of all kinds of those delicious fruits, which nature has so abundantly produced for the use of ant-kind.

"Upon the whole then, an infinite number of drops of water having perpendicularly ascended (occasioned probably by a long frost, which had dried up the moisture of the air), and those drops having been cemented and coagulated together by that glutinous quality of the frost, did remain aloft in the air about the altitude of five hundred ants, and cause that opacity above remembered, till their compages being released by the wind, they all poured down on the hill with such violence, that the whole was immediately covered, and all the ants near the sur-

face destroyed. And this appears to me to have been the true cause of the deluge."

Here a violent applause from the whole assembly put an end to my sleep. I will here likewise put an end to this paper, after having observed, that there are some subjects on which a wit and a blockhead, a man and an ant, will exert themselves with the like success. The author of a Treatise on Politics, of another on Rhetoric, and of a third on Ethics, the merit of all which I think has not yet been equalled, has left us a Treatise on the Soul, in three books; which will require some degree of genius to equal; since it would be no easy task to pour forth so great a profusion of incomprehensible nonsense in the same number of pages.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEDITERRANEAN CURRENT.

IT is well known that a constant current sets through the Strait of Gibraltar, from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, which is supposed by some to be counterbalanced by an under-current, which sets as constantly in an opposite direction.—The following curious experiment, illustrative of this subject, was communicated to Mr. Barrow, the traveller, by admiral Patton:

The admiral took up a small flask of salt water in the Atlantic Ocean, near Cape St. Vincent, which weighed 22 oz. 5 drs. The same quantity, in bulk, of salt water taken up by him in the Mediterranean, near Minorca, was found to be 13 grains heavier. Two decanters were afterwards filled, one with fresh, the other with salt water, their specific gravities differing in the above proportion, and the fresh water tinged with red colouring matter. The decanters being placed horizontally, and their necks closely luted, a gra-

dual interchange of their contents was observed to take place: the fresh and coloured water making its way through the upper, and the salt water in a contrary direction through the lower, part of the necks; being a just representation of the upper and under currents, which are supposed to flow in contrary directions through the Strait of Gibraltar.

For the Literary Magazine.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF DOGS.

From Daniel's Rural Sports.

THE British dogs were in early times justly prized, as excelling those of any other country; as in swiftness, the greyhound; in speed and perseverance, the fox hound; in steadiness, other hounds and beagles; in boldness, the terrier; in sagacity, the setter; in activity, the spaniel, and in an invincible ardour, the bull dog, whose spirit death only can quell; for it is a fact, however savage the being that could make the trial, that at a bull-baiting in the north of England, a brute in the shape of a young man, laid some trifling wager, that he would at separate times cut off all the four feet of his dog, and that after every amputation it would attack the bull. The cruel experiment was tried, and the dog continued to seize the bull as eagerly as before he was mutilated. A degrading instance, which depicted man as a fiend, inflicting the extreme of cruelty upon an animal, whose courage the intenseness of pain could neither slacken nor subdue.

The different and inherent qualities of our dogs, are not to be matched in other nations; those in Europe do justice to their superiority, adopting our terms and names, and thankfully receiving them as choicest presents. Remarkable however is, that almost every kind of British dogs degenerate in foreign climates

nor is it possible by any art whatever to prevent it.

As many curious facts arise among those classes, which come not within the description of sporting dogs, instances of those creatures' acuteness and attachment, as an elucidation of their general character, may be here introduced; and among these, the dog's care in directing the blind man's steps, is not the least worthy of notice. There are few who have not seen an object in this unfortunate state, led by his dog, through the winding passages of a town or city, to the spot where he is accustomed to supplicate the charity of passengers; at night, the dog conducts him safely back, and gratefully receives, as the reward of its services, that scanty pittance which wretchedness can bestow.

That dogs are capable of mutual affection, the well-known story of the dog of St. Alban's testifies. This dog being left at an inn there, till his master returned from London, and being seized by a large dog belonging to the house, went silently away, but soon returned with a friend, both larger and stronger than the dog which had ill-treated him, when they both fell on the aggressor, and worried him severely.

Two dogs, kept by Mr. Sandford of Shrewsbury, had been companions for many years; from age one died, and from his death the survivor manifested an extraordinary degree of restless anxiety, searching all their former haunts for his old associate, and refusing every sort of food, till at the end of ten days he expired; the victim of an attachment, which, with his boasted intellectual powers, would have done honour to man.

Of the dog's instinct in returning home from places where they have been carried, in such a manner, that no trace of the road can be supposed to exist in the animal's recollection, few but have heard recitals which have astonished them. That the fox hound should possess this faculty, is in some degree to be accounted for, from the journeys they

make to different kennels, which frequently belong to the same hounds, in counties distant from each other, and from the extensive tracts they run over in their various chases, and being in the habit, if by accident thrown out, of returning to the kennel. The two instances now to be mentioned, are probably unexampled ones of this inherent property.

A Dane dog was given by a gentleman at Wivenhoe, to the captain of a collier, who carried the dog on board his vessel to Sunderland; but soon after his arrival there the dog was lost, and returned to his old master in Essex.—The late colonel Hardy was sent for express to Bath; a favourite spaniel bitch accompanied him in his own travelling chaise, which he never quitted till he arrived there: after remaining four days, he left the spaniel at Bath, and returned to his house at Springfield, in Essex, with equal expedition. Upon the third day after his return, the bitch was at Springfield, though the distance between that place and Bath is 140 miles, and she had to pass through London, where she had never been but in her passage through it, shut up in a carriage.

Upon the fidelity of dogs, the following facts deserve to be here recorded.

Mr. Hawkes, farmer, of Halling, returning much intoxicated from Maidstone market, with his dog, when the whole face of the country was covered with snow, mistook his path, and passed over a ditch on his right hand toward the river; fortunately he was unable to get up the bank, or he must have fallen into the Medway, at nearly high water. Overcome with the liquor, Hawkes fell among the snow, in one of the coldest nights ever remembered; turning on his back, he was soon asleep; his dog scratched the snow about him, and then mounted upon the body, rolled himself round, and laid him on his master's bosom, for which his shaggy hide proved a seasonable covering. In this state, with snow falling all the time, the farmer

and his dog lay the whole of the night. In the morning, a Mr. Finch, who was out with his gun, perceiving an uncommon appearance, proceeded toward it; at his approach, the dog got off the body, shook the snow from him, and by significant actions encouraged Mr. Finch to advance. Upon wiping the snow from the face, the person was immediately recognized, and was conveyed to the first house, when a pulsation in the heart being evident, the necessary means to recover him were employed, and in a short time Hawkes was able to relate his own story.

Mr. Vaillant describes the losing of a bitch while travelling in Africa, when, after firing his gun, and fruitlessly searching for her, he dispatched one of his attendants, to return by the way they had proceeded, when she was found about two leagues distance, seated by the side of a chair and basket, which had dropped unperceived from his waggon: an instance of attentive fidelity, which must have proved fatal to the animal, either from hunger, or beasts of prey, had she not been luckily discovered.

As instances of the dog's sagacity, the following are submitted. In crossing the mountain St. Gothard, near Airola, the chevalier Gaspard de Brandenburg and his servant were buried by an avalanche; his dog, who escaped the heap of snow, did not quit the place where he had lost his master; this was fortunately not far from the convent; the animal howled, ran to the convent frequently, and then returned. Struck by his perseverance, the next morning the people from the house followed him; he led them directly to the spot, scratched the snow, and after thirty-six hours passed beneath it, the chevalier and his domestic were taken out safe, hearing distinctly during their confinement the howling of the dog and the discourse of their deliverers. Sensible that to the sagacity and fondness of this creature he owed his life, the gentleman ordered by his will that he should be represented on his tomb with his dog;

and at Zug, in the church of St. Oswald, where he was buried in 1728, they still show the monument, and the effigy of this gentleman, with the dog lying at his feet.

In 1792, a gentleman, who lived in Vere street, Clare-market, went with his family to the pit of Drury-Lane Theatre, at about half past five in the evening, leaving a small spaniel, of king Charles' breed, locked up in the dining-room, to prevent the dog from being lost in his absence. At eight o'clock his son opened the door, and the dog immediately went to the playhouse and found out his master, though the pit was unusually thronged, and his master seated near its centre.

In October, 1800, a young man going into a place of public entertainment at Paris, was told that his dog could not be permitted to enter, and he was accordingly left with the guard at the door. The young man was scarcely entered into the lobby, when his watch was stolen. He returned to the guard, and prayed that his dog might be admitted, as through his means he might discover the thief: the dog was suffered to accompany his master, who intimated to the animal that he had lost something; the dog set out immediately in quest of the *strayed* article, and fastened on the thief, whose guilt on searching him was made apparent: the fellow had no less than six watches in his pocket, which being laid before the dog, he distinguished his master's, took it up by the string, and bore it to him in safety.

The docility of the dog is such, that he may be taught to practise with considerable dexterity a variety of human actions: to open a door fastened by a latch, and pull a bell when desirous to be admitted. Faber mentions one belonging to a nobleman of the Medici family, which always attended at its master's table, took from him his plates, and brought him others; carried wine to him in a glass upon a salver, which it held in his mouth, without spilling; the same dog would also

hold the stirrup in its teeth while its master was mounting horse. The compiler of these anecdotes had formerly a spaniel, which would bring the bottles of wine from the corner of the room to the table by the neck, with such care as never to break one, and in fact was the *boots* of the mess-room.

Some few years since, the person who lived at the turnpike-house, about a mile from Stratford upon Avon, had trained a dog to go to the town for any small parcels of grocery, &c. which he wanted. A note, mentioning the things required, was tied round his neck, and in the same manner the articles were fastened, and in these errands the commodities arrived safe to his master.

To learned pigs, ducks, ravens, and dogs, this country has given birth, and their tutors celebrity; but the performances of these animals have ever kept within the boundary of tacit intellect; and their knowledge is quite obscured by that colossus of canine literature, whose history is too singular to be omitted. This dog would call, in an intelligible manner, for tea, coffee, chocolate, &c.; and this account was communicated to the Royal Academy of France, by no less a person than the celebrated Leibnitz, who attests that he himself heard him speak. And the French academicians add, that, unless they had received the testimony of so great a man as Leibnitz, they should scarcely have dared to repeat the circumstance. This dog was of a middle size, and the property of a Saxon peasant, whose child, a little boy, imagined that he perceived in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to certain words, and therefore took it into his head to teach him to speak: for this purpose, he spared neither time or pains with his pupil, who was about three years old when this learned education commenced; and at length he made such a progress in language, as to be able to articulate no less than thirty words. It appears,

however, that the scholar was something of a truant, and did not very willingly exert his talents, being rather pressed into the service of literature; and it was necessary that the words should be first pronounced to him each time, which he, as it were, echoed from his preceptor. This wonderful dog was born near Zeitz, in Saxony.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MELANGE.

NO. VI.

Superstition.

THE present age flatters itself with the praise of total freedom from credulity and superstition. It forgets that infidelity itself may be credulous and superstitious. It was said of Dr. Halley, that he believed every thing but the Bible. If I am not misinformed, some of the German *illuminés*, and the late king of Prussia himself among them, were dupes to the tricks of the Franckfort Jews, who pretended to raise the dead. But putting infidels aside, is the world so totally liberated from its weight? In the lower orders, especially, in all countries, every one must acknowledge the remains of a plentiful crop. The superstitions of sailors are proverbial. Are the higher orders perfectly free? The superstition of nurses plentifully communicates itself to mothers; and even in our own sex, most men, I am apprehensive, if closely observed, would be found to have some seeds of it.

The observation of the purchasers in a lottery-office for a single day would procure disciples to my opinion; and what are the rantings of gamblers about luck, and their shifting seats and positions to procure it, but instances of the grossest superstition? Have we forgot the disciples of Mainaduc and magnetism? Have we forgot the numerous prophecies delivered during the

late war, and the search in old books of the preceding century for something like prophecies, and did we observe no impression amidst the gloom of the times even upon men who were not fools?

—
Wonders.

If travellers are absurd in relating wonders, the world is equally absurd in disbelieving them in the gross. I knew a very worthy gentleman who never was believed, and yet never told a falsehood. He had given himself a habit of relating every thing extraordinary which his observant mind had collected in a long life, and never mentioned any ordinary occurrence. Such is often the fate of travellers. When Mr. Bruce spoke of a camera obscura which would hold a large company, it appeared apocryphal, till a common showman exhibited the very same thing in our streets. When he talked of pyramidal mountains inverted, I thought it fabulous, till, in common descriptions of Auvergne, I found accounts of *montagnes escarpées* of a shape not entirely dissimilar; and I own some discoveries of this nature so far altered my opinion, that when he talked of carving from live animals, I only suspended my assent, without decided disbelief*. The wonderful story of the *ûpas*, to be found in the notes to the poem of the Botanic Garden, seems only an exaggeration of the qualities of the poison-tree, well known in some parts of America, or of the marsh miasma, which Townsend searched for in Spain; and the fish whose similitude to the human form gave rise to the fable of the mermaid, is common on the coast of Africa. The unicorn is evidently the rhinoceros, and the griffin a mere picture drawn by terror, in describing some tremendous

* Why should the Abyssinian believe that among us men can walk under water by means of the diving-bell, or fly in the air by aid of the balloon?

snake. I feel therefore a tendency different from the greater part of the world, and am rather inclined to believe than disbelieve, that is, to look for some foundation of truth at least, though perhaps magnified or distorted.

—
Wit.

The various definitions which have been given of *wit*, do not elucidate the idea, or sensation, we have of it. This property, like that of common sense, is one of which we have the clearest conception; and in rendering the sentiment into language, the sense is lost in the translation. As Cicero finely remarks, One may write with more wit upon any subject, than upon wit itself.

We may be allowed, however, to say, that true wit is the proper mark of genius, and a sure test of mental energy. It distinguishes between the native cast of a superior mind, and the effect of mere erudition.

In society its power is universally acknowledged; although its utility has, unjustly we think, been questioned. In the private circle of sociality, the man of wit is the umpire and king. His strokes either of humour or satire have their proper influence: the fear of his lash guards the learned from assuming the language of the pedagogue, and the unlearned from vulgarity or rudeness. He promotes alike good humour and good manners.

"But have we not frequently seen the harmony of social life disturbed by the unmannerly squibs of wit, when the exuberance, or rather the extravagance, of fancy has got the better of the judgment?" True: but the difference is very great between the wit and his bastard the witling. Our praise was not bestowed upon the latter. A man of true wit is a man of true judgment, who holds the former as a weapon in the hand of the latter, for proper occasions, and for the best of purposes.

Knighthood.

A little girl, about nine years of age, giving her opinion of knight-hood, said truly enough that she had read a very good account of it in *Don Quixote*: "It is one foolish man kneeling down, and another foolish man drawing his sword, laying it over his back, and saying, *rise up, sir any body.*"

—

There is, methinks, a certain reflective cast and impartiality in Fontenelle's writings which are found in few others; there is an observation in his *Plurality of Worlds* which lies out of the road of a common mind; and I think, however whimsical, it is particularly pleasing. "Such are the motions of the earth and the moon," says Fontenelle, "that only one side of the moon can ever be turned towards the earth; to that side the earth is a moon forty times bigger than the moon is to the earth, but the other side has no moon at all. May we not then suppose, that curiosity is continually bringing travellers from the unenlightened to the enlightened hemisphere of that planet, merely to see in a foreign country our enormous luminary, which they could never see in their own?" This reflection not only pleased me, but suggested another. Are there not intellectual lights peculiar to the regions of different minds, which can never be seen but by travelling from one to the other? And may I not carry the comparison still farther, and say, that these lights also are reflected, and that all our knowledge is to truth what the moon is to the sun, a faint reflection of broken rays that but just enlightens us, and scarce warms us at all.

Pride.

Pride, like ambition, is sometimes virtuous, and sometimes vicious, according to the character in which

it is found, and the object to which it is directed. As a principle, it is the parent of almost every virtue and every vice: every thing that pleases and displeases in mankind. And as the effects are so very different, nothing is more easy than to discover, even to ourselves, whether the pride that produces them is virtuous or vicious. The first object of virtuous pride is rectitude, and the next independence; the vices that *fear* avoids as incurring punishment, *pride* avoids as degrading the dignity of man; the support and satisfaction which meanness is content to receive from others, pride glories to derive from itself. It concedes not only with the same pleasure, but with the same dignity with which it demands and acquires; for it is modest though not mean, and though elevated not assuming. It not only hates but disdains falsehood, with all its artifices to avoid disgrace and pass for truth; as its honour is better founded than in the opinion of others, it is superior both to neglect and adulation; as it neither talks nor acts with a view of arrogating more than is due to itself, or of granting more than is due to others, it does not vary with varying companies nor places; nay, it pleases others not only in what it gives, but in what it gains from them. If you are a great man, this principle will not only give you true content, but even procure you the approbation of others; and if you are not a great man, it will either procure you that approbation, or convince you that you do not want it. Such are the characteristics of true pride: those of false pride are just the contrary.

Desultory Thoughts.

Did we not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could never hurt us: it is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

Absence lessens small passions and increases great ones; as the

wind extinguishes tapers and kindles fires.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at ease, whereas boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others; if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool pass for a man of sense.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions; like children, who when they go in dark will sing for fear.

An atheist is but a mad, ridiculous derider of piety, but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion. He finds it easier to be on his knees than to rise to do a good action: like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

"When the winds rise, worship the echo," was one of the enigmas of Pythagoras; which Mr. Pope interprets thus: When rumours increase, and when there is abundance of noise and clamour, attend to the second report.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CELEBRATED HARBOUR OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

THE first remarkable object that catches the attention, after passing Cape Frio, is a gap or rent in the verdant ridge of mountains which skirts the sea-coast. This chasm appears, from a distance, like a narrow portal between two cheeks of

solid stone, which being perfectly naked are the more remarkable, as every other prominent part of the ridge of mountains is clothed with luxuriant vegetation. On approaching this chasm, which is in fact the entrance into the grand harbour of Rio de Janeiro, the cheek on the left or western side is discovered to be a single solid stone of a conical shape, or, in nautical language, a sugar-loaf, entirely detached, not quite perpendicular, but leaning a little towards the entrance. We took an opportunity, during our stay at Rio, of ascertaining its height, by means of a line measured on a little sandy beach which skirts its base on the side next to the harbour, and the angles which it extended from the extremities of this line. From the result of our operations it appeared that this solid mass of hard sparkling granite is 680 feet high above the surface out of which it rises. The eastern or opposite cheek of the chasm is a naked mountain, composed of the same material, but with this difference in point of form, that it has an easy and regular slope from the water's edge to the summit, which is about the same height as that of the cone. The whole of this side is occupied by forts, lines, and batteries.

A little island strongly fortified, just within the entrance, contracts the passage to the width of about three-fourths of a mile. Having cleared the channel, one of the most magnificent scenes in nature bursts upon the enraptured eye. Let any one imagine to himself an immense sheet of water running back into the heart of a beautiful country, to the distance of about thirty miles, where it is bounded by a screen of lofty mountains, always majestic, whether their rugged and shapeless summits are tinged with azure and purple, or buried in the clouds—let him imagine this sheet of water gradually to expand, from the narrow portal through which it communicates with the sea, to the width of twelve or fourteen miles, to be every where studded with innumera-

ble little islands, scattered over its surface in every diversity of shape, and exhibiting every variety of tint that an exuberant and incessant vegetation is capable of affording—let him conceive the shores of these islands to be so fringed with fragrant and beautiful shrubs, not planted by man, but scattered by the easy and liberal hand of nature, as completely to be concealed in their verdant covering—let him figure to himself this beautiful sheet of water, with its numerous islands, to be encompassed on every side by hills of a moderate height, rising in gradual succession above each other, all profusely clad in lively green, and crowned with groups of the noblest trees, while their shores are indented with numberless inlets, shooting their arms across the most delightful vallies, to meet the murmuring rills, and bear their waters into the vast and common reservoir of all—in short, let him imagine to himself a succession of Mount Edgcombes to be continued along the shores of a magnificent lake, not less in circuit than a hundred miles; and having placed these in a climate where spring for ever resides, in all the glow of useful vigour, he will still possess only a very imperfect idea of the magnificent scenery displayed within the capacious harbour of Rio de Janeiro; which as a harbour, whether it be considered in the light of affording security and convenience for shipping, for its locality of position, or fertility of the adjacent country, may justly be ranked among the first of naval stations.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XVIII.

"This is the very witching time of night."

IT is now midnight: silence and darkness have extended their em-

pire far and wide; the works of man are laid aside, and he renovates his wasted vigour in the arms of sleep; the birds of the air and the beasts of the field have retired to rest; all nature seems to pause, and await in silent suspense whatever events the reign of night may produce. How awful to the first of men must this now common and expected change have appeared! Placed in the great theatre of nature, with all the powers which are the agents in the act of reflection, but with all the ignorance of the new-born babe with respect to the laws of the universe; ignorant of the nature of night, ignorant of the beneficent purpose of the Creator in ordaining it, and ignorant of the nature of his own being, and the wants to which he was subjected, he must have seen with trembling anxiety the sun forsake his "blue path in heaven," and sink beneath the earth in the west; when dark shades fell on the fading prospect, and his eye could no longer penetrate the awful obscurity of night, to him it must have seemed to be the fearful precursor of universal annihilation. He could not know from experience that it was the repose, not the death of nature; having enjoyed no rest himself, the utmost extent of his reflections on the phenomena he had seen never taught him to consider *this* as any thing else than the termination of all the illusions he had witnessed.

But nature never actually reposes; her operations are as constant as her laws are invariable; the vast machine never stands still; and while one part of this planet is concealed in the obscurity of night, it is prepared for the returning influence of day. The trees that wave in the forest, the herbage that clothes, and the flowers which adorn, the face of the earth, and give to balmy spring the charms which constitute its glory, all would perish beneath the fervour of one continual sunshine; the parched earth would no longer be refreshed with morning dews, nor perhaps with evening showers; even the atmosphere (so says Philosophy)

receives from trees, herbs, fruits, and flowers its own life-supporting power, and in return gives them their fragrance, taste, and virtue, during the alternate vicissitudes of day and night.

Deep as the eye of Science has penetrated into the recesses where Nature performs her vast operations, perhaps, did she know the number of secrets Nature still keeps concealed, she would have cause to esteem herself *ignorant*. But the little she has revealed has given us reason to contemplate with reverence the occurrence of those phenomena we do not understand, and not to doubt their utility. Thus, we *know* the cause, as well as some of the uses of *night*; but the first man probably knew neither: and had he been, as many now are, disposed to question the wisdom of the Creator in the formation of his works, because they cannot see for what purposes they were made, night would have afforded him ample scope for the exercise of sceptical speculations.

But as night is not without its uses, neither is it without its beauties. What is there in all the proudest productions of art, what in all the works of nature, that can produce in the mind a higher idea of natural perfection, than the sight of yonder immeasurable vault of azure, studded with innumerable stars, which, even to a savage breast, conveys a high degree of pleasure, but to the mind of the sage, who attentively studies the immense volume of nature, suggests ideas of such immense extent, such awful magnificence, and unbounded power, that his wondering mind starts at the vast sublimity of its own speculations!

Survey the silver planet of night, floating in a sea of azure, moving in silent majesty along the glittering coasts of heaven, shedding an indescribable glory over the face of nature; contemplate her in the vast extent of her course, in her own unrivalled beauty, whether she sparkles in the east, rides in the zenith, or tips the edges of the clouds with

the tints of shining silver; reflect on the changes she undergoes, in the forms she assumes, and her influence in the economy of nature; consider her as a planet, containing seas and rivers, level plains, lofty mountains, and burning volcanoes, abounding, *perhaps*, with productions and inhabitants suited to her unknown or merely conjectured climate; what subject can afford a more extensive range to an inquisitive mind, what scene can give more pleasure to an admirer of natural beauty! Day, with the resplendent sun flaming along the glowing heavens, in all the pomp of splendour, is inferior in touching beauty to the milder glories of night—soft, but not insipid; glorious, but not glaring; beautiful, but yet sublime.

I intended to continue these speculations further; but weariness and sleep overpower me; and I must therefore postpone it to some future period.

VALVERDI.

For the Literary Magazine.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE
OYSTER.

THE oyster, *ostrea edulis* of Linnæus, is too well known for description; for there is but one species, though so many varieties are distinguished, according to the places where they are caught or fed, and so differently estimated according to their size or delicacy of flavour. This humble link in the chain of inanimated being is denied the faculty enjoyed by most other of the piscatory tribes, that of locomotion, and in this respect can claim little superiority to the vegetable tribes; almost wholly passive, he endeavours to remain in one spot at the bottom of the ocean. Rocks, stones, and pieces of timber, sea-wreck, every thing stationary seem to furnish him with a kind of security against the agitation of the waves. Indeed, so essential to oysters is this adhesion

to some kind of fixture, and so prone are they to attach themselves, that if they meet with nothing else, they will mutually adhere to each other: this is performed by means of a gluten, of a similar nature to that with which they form their shells, and when it becomes dry, is of equal hardness, and broken with equal difficulty. Oysters cast their spawn in May; it at first appears like small drops of fat, and is called spat; these immediately adhere to any kind of substance they happen to light upon, in a few days the shell begins to make its appearance, and in three years they are fit for the market. Like snails, they are hermaphrodite, and their young are spawned complete. Like other fish, during the spawning season they are lean; but by the month of August recruit their strength, and get into condition. During this, and subsequent to this season, in countries where prudent regulations are made for their preservation, all dredging and other fishing has been prohibited: in Spain and some other southern countries of Europe, as well as in the United States, this prohibition is considered as a necessary precaution of health. It is an old observation, that the oyster is in season in those months which include in their name the letter R; at other times, being in a state of pregnancy, it is found to contain a thick white curdled matter like cream about the fish, which did not escape the observation of the accurate Pliny, lib. ix, c. 51. The old ones are frequently found with twenty or thirty of their young sticking to their back; these the fishermen scrape off and throw back to increase the beds. Severe winters and violent storms are highly injurious, and frequently destroy them. On this, as well as other accounts, property of this nature is very precarious, as frequently they are not to be found where most plenteous before, and new oyster beds spring up in places where they were never known. Since the year 1712, multitudes have been taken in Caernarvonshire Me-

nai, where, prior to that period, it is recorded, none were ever discovered. The report is, that a person threw into the channel about one hundred live oysters, which have increased several miles; and numerous vessels are now employed in the fishery: but it is more probable the real cause was the agitated waters carrying the spat from distant oyster beds during the spawning season. The oyster rests on his flat side; so far he is secure, but on the convex side we discover various productions of the coral kind, and frequently he is loaded with small muscles and different marine worms: even the *nereis noctiluca*, which gives the appearance of fire to the sea, deigns to become parasitical, and revive its brilliancy by the support it derives from the humble oyster. These and others are continually sapping the external defence of this devoted animal, and by perseverance make breaches, by which they soon gain the citadel, his heart! if not before occupied by the *asteria glacialis**, sea-star, and the *nereis rufa*, red worm, which without the least quarter are constantly preying upon his vitals. While thus attacked by various external and internal enemies, he is trepanned by the superior art of man, and exhibited as a delicious morsel at the tables of luxury.

A considerable difference arises with regard to the texture of the shell, and the flavour of its contents: where they lie on a calcareous bottom, the shells are friable; on a rocky shore they become thicker and denser; and on clay and marle they are softer, and contain a greater proportion of animal gluten. On the eastern side of the Adriatic all marine animals are more insipid than those which are found on the western side. On calcareous rocks they are larger, but not so high fla-

* This most formidable enemy, the star-fish, is sometimes found in the shells fast closed, and in which no traces can be found of the original inhabitant, lying in it, coiled up in a circle, having fattened upon the spoils, and basking in the habitation of the innocent victim.

voured as those living in creeks and bays; but those esteemed the most delicious are found on sands. Oysters lie at all depths: on what is called Ireland's Eye they are sought for in eighteen and twenty fathoms water; on the shore of Caldey they are found from nine to twelve. The fishery, though simple, is curious, and varies according to the depth of their stations, or the means of the fishermen. Some collect them with their hands, and others with a sort of long wooden tongs, or a rake of iron spikes affixed to the end of a large pole. But these methods can only be adopted in shoal water. The most common mode of fishing is what they call *dredging*, from the instrument used on this occasion, a *dredge*: this is a large triangular frame, the base of which is bent back about twelve inches, so as to form a rectangular scraper; to the opposite angle is affixed a length of rope, and over all is placed a net composed of leathern thongs, or iron wire. Equipped with several of these, they proceed in their boats over the oyster grounds, dislodging and collecting the oysters, often taking up the dredges as they fill, which is known by the weight, and discharging the contents into the hold of the boat.

The Romans, to whom posterior nations have usually looked up for models of improvement, first taught the Britons to feed their fish in ponds, and fatten oysters in artificial beds. For the former purpose, large reservoirs were formed about a century before Christ, at the different villas in the vicinity of Rome; and beds for the latter in the shores of Baia. The people of Tenby have not yet adopted this most profitable part of the trade, owing to their great distance from the metropolis, and the situation being inconvenient, unless they would combine with those of Milford. The principal fattening beds are in the neighbourhood of Colchester, Pelton, and the banks of the Hampshire Menai. The spat is collected from the natural beds, and transplanted to the mud and slime which accumulates

in these tide rivers; here the oysters soon grow large, and become very fat. That engendered on the Essex coast has hitherto been esteemed the best, and it is carried and deposited where the Colne forms a number of arms and small creeks, peculiarly adapted for this concern, near Colchester. The Dutch, who have for centuries taken the lead in the fisheries, dig pits on the sea shore, furnished with small sluices for the admission of sea water to a certain height at spring tides: into these the oysters, when sufficiently fattened, are thrown, and left to undergo another process. The stagnant sea water soon becomes green, and the oysters assume the same colour. These in Holland are called green boardges, and the oysters so served are esteemed as possessing superior delicacy. Similar pits are formed on the banks of the Colne and the Thames, and denominated *greening pits*. It has been a question, how this colour is produced? Some have asserted it is owing to green copperas, but this in any quantity would destroy the fish; others have attributed it to the marine plants, the *ulvas* and *tremellas*, particularly to a species of the latter genus, *tremella lactuca*, which in English, from this vulgar error, is denominated *oyster green*. But since the oysters are observed never to acquire this colour but in summer, it would rather appear to be occasioned by heat producing some decomposition of the salt contained in the sea water, and the decomposed ingredients coming in contact with the sebaceous substance of the oyster, thus producing green fat like that of the turtle in tropical climates, which it nearly resembles both in appearance and flavour. Whatever may be the cause, it is highly probable the fish, during this greening process, suffers considerable pain, since in these pits the oyster has been observed to exhibit some signs of locomotion, shifting sides, and lying, when the tide flows, with the convex side of the shell downwards.

P.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES.

A CURIOUS circumstance is mentioned in a French paper, respecting the second representation of Voltaire's celebrated tragedy of *Zara*. On its first representation the play was received with the loudest applause; but the author conceived that some alteration in several passages would greatly increase the effect of the piece. Voltaire accordingly did introduce some alterations, and presented the play in the improved state to the several performers. Dufresne, who personated the principal character, refused to attend to the alterations, and no entreaties could prevail on him to give them the smallest notice. It was necessary to have recourse to a stratagem to gain Voltaire's object. He was apprised that Dufresne was very fond of a good dinner, and he determined to address him on this score. Voltaire got a pie prepared, filled with partridges, and sent it to Dufresne's house by a person who was carefully to conceal from him from whom the present came. The present was graciously received, and immediately made part of an entertainment which Dufresne happened that day to be giving a party of friends. The pie was opened; and to Dufresne's no small surprise, each partridge contained in its mouth a copy of the alterations in *Zara*. He was so well pleased with the conceit, that he re-studied the part; and a present of a partridge-pie was the means of giving stability to one of Voltaire's best tragedies.

The late lord Chesterfield happened to be at a route in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies, when Voltaire thus accosted him:—My lord, I know you are a judge; which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies? Upon my word, replied his lordship,

with his usual presence of mind, I am no connoisseur in paintings.—Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's route with lord Chesterfield. A lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, and tapped him on his shoulder, saying, Sir, take care you are not captivated. My lord, replied the French wit, I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours.

Sir Robert Walpole wanting to carry a question in the house of lords, and not being quite sure of some of the bishops, he prevailed upon the archbishop of Canterbury to stay at home for two or three days; in the mean time, sir Robert circulated a report that his grace was dangerously ill. On the day of meeting, the house was remarkably crowded with lawn sleeves, not one of whom voted against the court.

In a bookseller's catalogue appears the following article: *Memoirs of Charles the first, with a head capitally executed.*

Thomson the poet was very fat, and very indolent; being once engaged to dine with Quin at Richmond, on a sultry summer's day, he, according to his usual custom, walked; but being retarded by the heat, was much later than the hour of appointment. Quin, who dreaded dinner being over-done, stood at a window which commanded the road, impatiently watching his arrival, and seeing him come panting along, walked out to meet him, and saluted him with the following address. "What, Jemmy! sure it cannot be you!" "But it is though," answered Thomson, "and tired to the bone." "The devil! well, I'm glad to see you, however; but as you came rolling along the high-way, with your light-coloured drab covered

with dust, I really thought it had been Dunstable chalk hill, come to pay Richmond hill a friendly visit !”

—
A company happening to have a dispute concerning the age of the present lord Chesterfield, an Irish gentleman observed he must be older than they supposed, “For,” added he, “his lordship must have been upwards of one and twenty when he signed the bond which was forged by doctor Dodd.” All present assented to it.

—
The late Dr. Goldsmith, though one of the first characters in literature, was as great a novice in the common occurrences of life. His own heart perfectly harmless, he imagined every man he sat in company with possessed of the same. The following anecdote will place this observation in a proper point of view.

Sitting one evening at the Globe-tavern, Fleet-street, he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman (Mr. Carnan, bookseller) with whom he was intimately acquainted turned up his nose, and asked how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him? “Stinking!” says the doctor, “in good truth I don’t smell it.” “I never smelt any thing so disagreeable in my life,” says the gentleman: “the rascal deserves a caning for being so heedless as to bring you such carrion.” “In good truth,” says the poet, “I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment.” He instantly called the waiter, and after persuading the poor fellow that the chop stunk worse than asafœtida, he insisted as a punishment that he should sit down and eat it himself. The waiter argued; but he might as well attempt to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion: the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply with his request.

When the waiter had swallowed half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking, with his usual good nature, it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful. When the waiter had done, Goldsmith’s friend burst into a horse laugh. “What, in God’s name, ails you now?” says the poet. “Indeed, my dear friend, I could never think that any man, whose knowledge of letters was so extensive as your’s, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop was as good a one as I ever saw in my life.” “Was it?” says the doctor; “then I shall never give credit to what you say again; and so, in good truth, I think I am even with you.”

—
A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking into that worst state of sickness, poverty. The doctor told them they should hear from him in an hour, when he should send some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label: “These must be used as your necessities require: be patient, and of good heart.” He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.

—
In the winter of seventy-six, Dr. Goldsmith ordered a coach from Covent-garden piazzas to the Devil tavern, at Temple-bar, at which

place a weekly club was then held by the literati of the day. When the doctor was set down, he had a guinea and a shilling in his pocket, and being rather an absent character, he gave the coachman the guinea instead of the shilling. The doctor repaired to the club-room, the coachman drove away. Being called upon for a subscription, the doctor threw his shilling upon the table, which he imagined was a guinea; he soon perceived his mistake, and told the circumstance to the club. The company laughed; and the doctor, in a violent rage, rushed out of the room to seek the coachman, but in vain. In the following week, when the club was full, and the doctor enjoying his bottle, the waiter brought him word that a hackney-coachman wanted to speak to him. After receiving some sarcastic advice from his friends, to be cautious of his commerce with coachmen, he went down stairs, and was astonished to find it was the same individual who had drove him the preceding week. "I have brought your guinea back," said the coachman; "I know your honour made a mistake; now some scoundrels would have pocketed the money, and have said nothing at all about the matter; but that's not my way, your honour; I thank God, if so be I'm poor, I'm honest; it wears well, as a body may say." "My dear friend," exclaimed the doctor, "I honour and admire your principle; you will please to wait here a few minutes;" upon which the doctor marched up stairs, and told the story with all those rapturous blandishments which a poetic mind, on such an occasion, will beget in a good heart. He finally urged them to a subscription, as a proper reward for singular honesty in the lower ranks of life. It was generously complied with, to the amount of fifty shillings. The good, but credulous man, ran with the collection to the vulgar descendant of Phæton, poured it into his hat, and affectionately embracing and blessing him, was returning up stairs to his convivial friends, with

that enviable and sublime satisfaction which every man feels after the commission of a good deed; he entered the room in triumph, his friends welcomed him with a loud peal of laughter; alas! it was at the doctor's expence; the guinea which the rascal pretended to return, was a—counterfeit!

A living of 500*l.* per annum falling in the gift of the late lord chancellor Talbot, sir Robert Walpole recommended one of his friends as very deserving of the benefice, whom his lordship approved of. In the interim the curate, who served the last incumbent many years for poor 30*l.* per ann., came up with a petition, signed by many of the inhabitants, testifying his good behaviour, setting forth that he had a wife and seven children to maintain, and begging his lordship would stand his friend, that he might be continued in his curacy; and, in consideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent to add 10*l.* a year, he should for ever pray. His lordship, according to his usual goodness, promised to use his utmost endeavours to serve him; and the reverend gentleman, for whom the living was designed, coming soon afterwards to pay his respects, my lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he should allow him 60*l.* a year, instead of 30*l.* The parson, in some confusion, replied, "he was sorry that he could not grant his request, for that he had promised the curacy to another, and could not go back from his word." "How," says my lord, "have you promised the curacy before you was possest of the living? Well, to keep your word with your friend, if you please, I'll give him the curacy, but the living, I assure you, I'll give to another;" and saying this he left him. The next day the poor curate coming to know his destiny, my lord told him, "That he had used his endeavours to serve him as to the curacy, but with no success, the reverend

gentleman having disposed of it before." The curate, with a deep sigh, returned his lordship thanks for his goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my lord calling him back, said with a smile, "Well, my friend, 'tis true I have it not in my power to give you the curacy; but if you will accept of the living, it is at your service." The feelings of the curate may be easily conceived.

—
An old superstitious Roman, who had his buskins rat-eaten, consulted Cato in a grave manner what such an accident might portend. Cato bid him set his mind at rest, for there would come no mischief on't. "But," says the philosopher, "if your buskins had eaten the rats, it might have been dangerous."

—
General Lee being at dinner in company with some Scotsmen, took occasion to say, soon after the cloth was removed, that he had an unfortunate propensity when he happened to take a glass too much, which was to pour every sort of abuse on the Scots; and, therefore, should any thing of that kind happen, he hoped they would excuse him. "By all means (said one of the Scotsmen); we have all our failings, especially when in liquor. I myself have a very disagreeable propensity when that is the case, to take the first thing I can lay hold of, and knock down any man that abuses my country; I hope, therefore, the company will excuse me if any such thing should happen." General Lee, after this speech, did not choose to indulge his propensity.

—
After Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an interview with the king, in the queen's library at Buckingham-house, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the royal intellect. "His majesty," replied the doctor, "seems to be possessed

of much good nature and much curiosity; as for his mind, it is far from contemptible. His majesty, indeed, was multifarious in his questions, but, thank God, he answered them all himself."

—
A quaker driving in a single horse chaise, up a green lane that leads from Newington Green to Hornsey, happened to meet with a young blood, who was also in a single horse chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other unless one of them would back his carriage, which they both refused. "I'll not make way for you," says the blood; "damn my eyes if I will." "I think I am older than thou art," said the quaker, "and therefore have a right to expect thee to make way for me." "I won't, dam'me," resumed the first. He then pulled out a newspaper, and began to read, as he sat still in his chaise. The quaker observing him, pulled a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and with a convenience which he carried about him, struck a light, illuminated his pipe, and sat and puffed away very comfortably. "Friend," said he, "when thou hast read that paper, I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it me."

—
A corporal of the life-guards of Frederick the great, who had a great deal of vanity, but, at the same time, was a brave fellow, wore a watch chain, to which he affixed a musket bullet, instead of a watch, which he was unable to buy. His majesty being inclined one day to rally him, said, "Apropos, corporal, you must have been very frugal to buy a watch: it is six o'clock by mine; tell me what it is by yours." The soldier, who guessed the king's intention, instantly drew the bullet from his fob, and said, "Sir, my watch neither marks five nor six o'clock; but it tells me every moment, that it is my duty to die for your majesty." "Here, my friend," said the king, quite affected,

"take this watch, that you may be able to tell the hour also." And he gave him his watch, which was adorned with brilliants.

Simpson, the celebrated mathematician, was asked why he did not become a fellow of the Royal Society? "Because," said he, "people might be apt to read the letters F. R. S. *Fool Robin Simpson.*"

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, Give that *dish* to Dominico. "*And the partridges too, sir?*" Louis penetrating into the artfulness of the question, replied, "*And the partridges too.*" The dish was gold.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, when at college, was remarkable for the vivacity of his manners, and frequent wittiness of his observations. In a conversation on the powers of the letter *H*, where it was contended that it was no letter, but a simple aspiration of breathing, Rowland took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on it being to all intents and purposes a *letter*; and concluded by observing that, if it was not, it was a very serious affair to him, as it would occasion his being *ILL* all the days of his life.

When Voltaire was at the Prussian court, and peaceably enjoyed the highest admiration and praise that superior talents and wit could insure, an English gentleman arrived at Berlin, who had so extraordinary a memory, that he could repeat a long composition in prose or verse, if once read or recited to him, without missing a word. The king had the curiosity to put him to the test; the Englishman appeared, and succeeded to the astonishment of the whole court. It happened that immedi-

ately after this trial, Voltaire sent the king word, that with the king's permission he should do himself the honour to read him a poem just finished. The king gave him permission to come, but at the same time resolved to divert himself at the expense of the poet. He accordingly placed the Englishman behind a screen, and ordered him to pay particular attention to what Voltaire should read. Voltaire came, and read his poem with much emphasis, in hopes of obtaining the king's warm approbation. But to his great disappointment, the king seemed perfectly cold, and indifferent to what he was reading. The poem was finished. Voltaire asked the king his opinion upon it, and received for answer: "That his majesty had lately observed that monsieur Voltaire fathered the works of others, and gave them out for his own: this was a degree of effrontery he should not have thought him capable of, and he could not but be highly displeased at it." Voltaire was astonished! he complained that he was wronged, and protested by every thing sacred, that he did not deserve the reproach. "I will immediately convince you," replied the king, "of the truth of my assertion. The verses you have just now read are the composition of an English gentleman, whose claims are undoubted." Voltaire defended himself with still more warmth, and swore the poem was his own. "Well then, sir," said the king, "come forth, sir, and repeat the verses of which Voltaire pretends to be the author." The Englishman came forward, and with the greatest composure repeated the poem, without missing a single passage. "Now," cried the king, "are you obliged to confess that my accusation is true?" "Heavens!" cried Voltaire, "why sleeps your lightning! why is your vengeance withheld from punishing the crimes of a miscreant who dares to rob me of my laurels! Here sorcery is employed, and I am driven to despair!" The king laughed heartily at the poetic

fury, and rewarded the Englishman liberally for the amusement he had procured him.

—
 “You ride a war-horse,” said a lawyer to one of his country neighbours, who was flogging his horse at an unmerciful rate, without quickening his pace. “Who told you, Mr. Counsellor, that he is a war-horse?” “I see he is; for he will rather die than run.” “You are mistaken, sir (said the rider); I told him, when we set off, that I was in great haste to attend a *law-suit*, in which I am *plaintiff*. Would you think it? The brute is doing all in his power to persuade me, that I go fast enough on a *fool’s errand*!”

—
 Dr. Schmidt, of the cathedral of Berlin, wrote a letter to the king of Prussia, couched in the following terms, viz. “Sire, I acquaint your majesty, 1st, that there are wanting books of psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your majesty, 2dly, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint you, 3dly, that the ballustrade next the river, behind the other church, is become ruinous.

“SCHMIDT,

“Sacrist of the cathedral.”

The king, who was much amused by the above, wrote the following answer: “I acquaint Mr. sacrist Schmidt, 1st, that they who want to sing psalms may buy books. I acquaint, 2dly, Mr. Schmidt, that those who want to be kept warm may buy wood. I acquaint, 3dly, Mr. S. S., that I shall not trust any longer to the ballustrade next the river. And I acquaint Mr. sacrist Schmidt, 4thly, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

“FREDERIC.”

—
For the Literary Magazine.

ON ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS AND MANNERS.

THE similarity of superstitions, as well as religious customs, in the

first accounts of all nations, plainly marks the superior progress of the human understanding in those countries where superstition itself, as well as the religious duties arising from it, have given way to the unerring truths of reason, and exist no more.

If we attentively observe the state of the religious customs prevailing at this day in Indostan, and compare them with the original account of their manners, we shall find that there has been no deviation from the original; which evidently proves, that the human understanding has, for many years, made no progress in that vast and populous country. How different are the present manners of the Germans from what they formerly were! though originally they were superstitious to an equal degree, and in many points similar to those of the Hindoos. There were two instances of their love for divination worth observing; one particularly from the omens taken from their horses. They kept in their sacred woods, at the public expence, white horses that did no kind of work for the service of man: when they were to be consulted to know the will of the Divinity, they were put into a sacred car; the priest and king, or chief of the canton, walked by them as they went, and noted the snortings and neighings of these creatures as so many indications of the will of Heaven. This was the most respected of all their auspices, and had the greatest sanction of applause from all ranks. The priests pretended to nothing higher than being ministers of the gods; but the horses were their confidantes, and admitted into their secrets.

The second was their received opinion, that there was in women something sacred, divine, and fit to make them interpreters of the will of the gods. Some pretended prophets always engrossed their confidence; and if the event happened luckily to agree with her answer, they instantly honoured her as a goddess, and that from a real persuasion that she was such. Tacitus

mentions one in particular, whose name was Velida, who played these tricks in her time. She was a virgin, and sovereign of a large territory among the Bructeri. To make herself more respected, she dwelt in a high tower, and granted an easy access to no person. Those who came to consult her were not allowed to present their petitions themselves; but one of her relations used to receive them, and brought back the prophetess's answer.

In the marriage ceremonies, the husband gave the wife a dowry; but the presents that he made her were not such as tended to encourage dress, luxury, or delicacy; they consisted in a yoke of oxen, a horse with a bridle (or bit), a buckler, a spear, and a sword. In return, she brought her husband some piece of armour; and this ceremony formed between them the strongest and most sacred tie. The presents given by the husband were of such a nature as contained an important lesson; for they brought her not to think herself, on account of her sex, dispensed from being bold and courageous, or exposing herself to dangers or fatigues, which she was to share with her husband, and be attached to him even to death.

If she dishonoured herself by adultery, the punishment soon followed the crime, and the husband himself was both judge and avenger. In the presence of both families, he cut off his guilty wife's hair, stripped her, and, turning her out of his house, drove her through the whole town: on this point there was no remission, no indulgence; neither youth, nor beauty, nor riches could protect from the ignominy of punishment the woman who had forfeited her honour; nor could they procure her another husband. The law of conjugal fidelity was carried so far among some of these people, as to forbid all second marriages; as they had but one body and life, so they were to have but one husband. This was intended as a mean to prevent all idle wishes and expectations extending beyond the husband's life,

the wife's fate being for ever fixed to him. But the Heruli were still more rigid on this occasion. The wife was obliged to strangle herself on her husband's grave, on pain of being reputed infamous, and dishonoured as long as she lived.

The last thing that I shall mention, is their excessive fondness of dice; so much, that they looked upon it as a serious affair, and would play with all the attention they were capable of; and even when perfectly sober and cool, would carry it to the greatest height of madness, often staking their persons and liberty when they had nothing more to lose: those who lost would quietly submit to slavery, and, though younger and stronger than the winner, would suffer themselves to be pinioned, led away, and sold. Slaves of this kind were a shame to their masters, who for that reason were glad to get rid of them as soon as they could, and sold them to strangers, to be carried into remote countries.

For the Literary Magazine.

DISSUASIVES FROM INDOLENCE.

"Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alfit."

The youth who feels ambition fire his soul,
And nobly pants to reach th' Olympic goal,
Ere that he starts must combat various pain,
And sweat, like the proud steed who scours the plain.

ANON.

THERE appears a striking analogy between the natural and moral world; and the mind of man, like an uncultivated garden, instead of producing agreeable flowers, is often overrun with useless weeds: among these, none possesses so noxious a nature, or produces so fatal consequences, as idleness. It destroys the

growth of every shooting virtue, and renders all culture ineffectual; for no virtue or accomplishment can flourish in a soil infected by its narcotic roots. Yet in most minds it thrives as an indigenous rather than as an exotic.

The structure of the human body disposes it to action, and a life of sloth induces languor, sickness, and decay. In the same manner, if the mind be unnerved by idleness, its functions are debilitated, and its vigour destroyed: exercise being equally requisite to preserve the intellectual faculty as the corporeal machine. The fatigue and inconvenience attending an inert life should deter us from following it; for, in reality, there is more toil in sloth than in the most laborious occupation. The idle man is a mere monster in creation; all nature around him is employed, and the industry of every insect and animal must reproach him for sluggishness. While he remains in a state of dronish inactivity, the *vis inertiae* continually augments, and Idleness weaves her garland of poppies around his head.

Upon examination, it will appear that our principal evils result from idleness, when leisure leaves us exposed to the incursions of desire and inroads of temptation. The mind unoccupied will attempt to fill up the vacuity by having recourse to the most trifling and dangerous amusements. Yet how many, totally unconscious of the lapse of time, exist in a state of mere vegetation! If the waste of fortune incur censure, how much more reprehensible the prodigality of time! The one we may recover; the other, once past, is irrevocable. How inexcusable it is, then, instead of arresting the fleeting moments of our existence, and marking each with some good action, to loiter on our journey, and doze life away in a state of torpidness!

If we wish to attain distinction in life, we must obey the voice of Diligence. She is the parent of Health, and handmaid of the sciences, and can alone point out a path to fame and honour. Sloth is the rust and

canker of the mind, but industry is the law of our being, and establishes our happiness on a permanent basis: without industry we may possess riches, but cannot enjoy them. In vain do we experience the most eminent advantages, if destitute of application to improve them; in vain are we enriched with the best abilities, if we want activity to exert them. For though the seeds of virtue be disseminated in the mind, they will never shoot forth without proper cultivation; even our actions will remain in embryo, and life be wasted in languid exertions and idle uncertainty. Youth is the seed time of life, the season for cultivation, nor should it lie barren of improvement; when in its opening bloom, we should cultivate those accomplishments, which will ripen it into a flourishing manhood, and respectable old age. But if in youth, pleasures relax the nerves of application, and leave the mind destitute of early instruction, like the field of the sluggard, it will be luxuriant in the growth of weeds, but productive of no useful fruit. "For if the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, in autumn no fruit; so if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable." At this period of life, hope and emulation should operate as powerful incentives to industry, and every youthful bosom should glow with the love of virtue. But if, dead to these incitements, the pulse of ambition ceases to play, and we are already frozen to a state of stagnant inactivity, what will rouse us when the chilling hand of time shall have indurated the heart, and extinguished those ardent and enlivening passions? What more honourable employment is there for youth than the acquisition of knowledge? What more laudable than a thirst for literature? It is a sure indication of a generous heart, and certain presage of future eminence. But unavailing will be every opportunity and assistance without application; for, like the clue of *Ariadne*, it guides us through

the mazes of science to the summit of perfection.

Idleness is the parent of guilt, and nurse of ignorance, and her couch is ever attended by remorse and compunction. Far from securing the happiness of her votary, she clouds his brow with the gloom of anxiety and drowsy discontent; for the stings of conscience, if they do not rouse from his lethargy to action, will disturb his quiet repose.

Idleness, like a slow and deadly poison, contaminates the source of goodness, and, by unheeded mischief and insensible decay, undermines the foundation of every virtue. We imperceptibly sink into the lap of indolence; for easy is the descent and smooth the road to vice; but to burst the shackles of habitual sloth, and to regain the path of industry,

"Hoc opus, hic labor est."

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL
INTELLIGENCE.

THE Philadelphia Linnean Society, established at Philadelphia, for the promotion of natural history, at a meeting in the month of March last, resolved, "that a member be appointed to deliver an oration, in which are to be particularly pointed out the desiderata in natural history, and the best means to be pursued for the advancement of the science." In obedience to the request of the society, Dr. B. S. Barton, the member appointed, delivered the oration on the 10th of June, in the presence of the society, of the trustees and faculty of the university of Pennsylvania, and a considerable number of other gentlemen. The society having thought proper to order the discourse for publication, it is now in the press, and will be published with all convenient speed.

A literary gentleman from the university of Cambridge, in England, who arrived in this city in the autumn of last year, is employed in

writing a work which he entitles "*The Stranger in America*;" to be comprised in four 12mo. volumes. The first volume contains his observations in and near Philadelphia during a residence of six months. The other three volumes will consist of views of society and manners of the United States, in the year 1807. Each volume will be embellished with appropriate sketches of public buildings, &c. We understand that the first volume is already forwarded to England for immediate publication, and that it will be published here, about the month of September next.

Dr. Thomas Ewell, author of *Plain Discourses on Chemistry*, intends publishing a new work, entitled, *Letters to a Young Farmer*, containing an account of the substitutes for medicines in the United States.

The same gentleman, anxious to be instrumental in promoting and diffusing the knowledge of the medicines of this country, will give thirty acres of land for that purpose, on the following conditions:

To any person who will write the best and most simple account of all the means of giving tone or strength to debilitated persons, without the aid of Peruvian bark, wine, or foreign medicines, shall be awarded twenty acres.

And he who will write the best and most simple account of the substitutes for foreign cathartics, found in this country, with the means of preserving and exhibiting them, shall have ten acres.

Drs. Rush and Barton, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Miller, of New York, with the donor, will, in the course of ten months, announce to whom the land shall be adjudged.

A new work, from the pen of Thomas Paine, has just made its appearance in New York, entitled, "*Examination of the Passages in the New Testament, quoted from the Old, and called prophecies concerning Jesus Christ*." To which is prefixed, an *Essay on Dreams*, showing by what operation of the mind a dream is produced in sleep, and ap-

plying the same to the account of dreams in the New Testament: with an appendix containing my private thoughts of a future state, and remarks on the contradictory doctrine in the books of Matthew and Mark."

Proposals have been issued by C. and A. Conrad and Co. for publishing, in two volumes, crown octavo, *Memoirs of Anacreon*, translated from the original Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq., including the Odes of Anacreon, from the version of Thomas Moore, Esq.

Critias of Athens pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, *γυναικῶν ὑπεροπύμα*.

Τὸν δὲ γυναικῶν μάλα κεν πλεῖστα ποτ' ᾄδας,
Ἦδ' ὅν' Ἀνακρεῖοντα, Τέως εἰς Ἑλλάδ' ἀνέλθον,
Συμπόσιον ἐβίβισμα, γυναικῶν ὑπεροπύμα.

Téos gave to Greece her treasure,

Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;

Fondly weaving lays of pleasure

For the maids who blush'd approving.

MOORE'S ANAC. p. 298.

The version of the Odes of Anacreon, with which the literary world has recently been favoured, has revived the pleasure which the melody of the lyrist once excited on the plains of Greece, and extended the reputation of his translator to every country where classical learning is venerated, and the genuine effusions of the poet find a congenial glow. To the genius and industry of Thomas Moore, Esq., we are indebted for one of the best translations that English literature possesses, and the liveliest exhibition of Grecian poetry that English literature can boast. The author of the present work is aware that he speaks at a time unpropitious to the fame of Moore. He knows that the indignation of some, and the mortification of others, have been strongly excited by a volume published by him since his visit to this country. But his translation of Anacreon has no relation to the remarks contained in his "Epistles, Odes, &c." To his brilliant genius as a poet, and his ability as a translator, repeated editions and reite-

rated applause bear ample testimony; and, by adopting his version of Anacreon, the author at once gratifies the feelings of personal friendship, and pays that tribute of respect which is so justly due to his unrivalled excellence.

The design of this work was conceived during the transient visit which Mr. Moore paid to this city, in the summer of 1804. A biographical sketch of the life of Anacreon, formed upon the ingenious plan of the abbé Barthelemy, appeared to the author to be an undertaking which offered a fertile source of amusement, and the prosecution of it was embraced with that ardour which is incident to the schemes of a youthful enthusiast. It was communicated to Mr. Moore during one of those festive nights, which he has remembered in a manner not less honourable to himself than grateful to his friends. His approbation was expressed in a manner which was prompt, warm, and flattering. But the author did not advert to the impropriety of forsaking that "deep well," which my lord Coke has dug for his "good sons," to wander amid the alluring bowers of ancient Greece, though Genius there had delighted to hold her seat, and Imagination there had whispered her sweetest inspirations. Such considerations, however, did intrude, when the fervour of literary emulation had subsided, and Reason resumed her sway. The work was a long time abandoned, and perhaps never would have been submitted to public inspection, had not the partiality of a few friends flattered the not incredulous author into an opinion, that a continuation would be not wholly unworthy of public perusal*.

The author will make no apology for the offences he has committed

* A part of the *Memoirs of Anacreon*, with an introductory letter addressed to a literary friend, was published in the *Port Folio* for the last year. Those pages may convey a more accurate idea of the nature and plan of the work than can here be attempted.

against the regularity of chronology. If laborious commentators can gravely and ingeniously dispute whether Sappho danced to the voluptuous cadence of the lyre of Anacreon, or whether an entire century intervened between the periods of their births, he surely may be pardoned, who suffers Anacreon to write an epitaph upon Plato, or criticise the *POETICS* of Aristotle. Some of these anachronisms were intentional, in order to afford suitable topics for the conversation of a scholar, and others were the consequence of carelessness.

The work is a fiction, intended to illustrate ancient manners, and, by making the Odes of Anacreon more familiar, to render, if possible, the popularity of a friend more extensive. To these motives, if the critics add, as it is supposed it must be conceded, some little admixture of personal vanity, they have all the causes which produced these memoirs, and they may make such use of the declaration as justice and liberality may suggest. That the volumes were written during occasional intervals of business or study, may operate upon the clemency of some readers; and that they were almost concluded before the time which the law terms *the years of discretion* might be added as a stronger claim upon the favour of the candid, did not the author fear the retort of some sarcastic critic, that *the fact appeared upon the showing of his record*. But the just severity of criticism admits of no pleas in extenuation of negligence or imperfection. It is necessary to the integrity of literature, that every writer be judged with strictness and impartiality, and that his judges be neither awed by the imposing noise of a dedication, nor seduced by the smooth flatteries of a preface. The present writer respectfully presents himself at the seat of this tribunal, with no arrogant pretensions to distinction: he offers his labours with very humble expectations, as the innocent, and perhaps not entirely useless, amusement of a youthful mind, which pre-

ferred literary exertion to listless or frivolous inactivity, when compelled to intermit its attentions to professional occupation. It was pleasant to cheer the gloom of a solitary chamber, by revisiting, with the excursive eye of Imagination, the climes that are distant, and to recount the days that have rolled by: to survey the enamelled plains where the voice of *true* patriotism was heard, and where Apollo taught the rudiments of his art: to stray on the banks of the Ilyssus, and listen to the lyre of Anacreon, or hang over the Leucadian mount, and drop a tear to the memory of the Lesbian maid. By such arts, the slow feet of Time move unperceived, and we only awake from the pleasing vision when some sad realities affright the phantoms of fancy from the enchanted bower, and "too feelingly remind us what we are." Such are the pleasures of the recluse, at the "solemn noon of night," and they are not undelightful!

—When the lamps expiring yield to rest,

And solitude returns, I silent shun
The noisy mansions, and, attentive,
mark

the palmy groves,
Resounding once with Plato's voice,
arise,

Amid whose umbrage green her silver
head

Th' unfading olive lifts; here the vine-
clad hills

Lay forth their purple store, and sunny
vales

In prospects vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistening Athens
tow'rs,

The blissful scenes where clear Ilyssus
rolls

His sage-inspiring flood, whose wind-
ing marge

The thick-wove laurel shades, and rose-
ate morn

Pours all her splendours on th' empur-
pled scene.

The impressive voice of Experience will soon testify how far the credulity of Ambition can be realized by the sanction of Truth. The aspiring hope with which literary eminence has always elevated the

author has strewn many a flower over a path of difficulties and dangers, and led him, in the reveries of fancy, to a palace of delights, where, as he has surveyed the precipice that surrounds it, he has ventured to exclaim with the enraptured artist, *Ed io anche son pittore.*

This work will be ornamented with engraved likenesses of Anacreon and Moore.

Prospectus of Lewis and Clark's Tour to the Pacific Ocean, through the Interior of the Continent of North America, performed by order of the government of the United States, during the years 1804, 1805, and 1806.

This work will be prepared by captain Meriwether Lewis, and will be divided into two parts, the whole comprised in three volumes, octavo, the first containing at least seven hundred pages, the second and third from four to five hundred each, printed on good paper, and a fair pica type. The several volumes in succession will be put to press at as early periods as the avocations of the author will permit him to prepare them for publication.

Part the First: in two Volumes. Volume first will contain a narrative of the voyage, with a description of some of the most remarkable places in those hitherto unknown wilds of America, accompanied by a map of good size, a large chart of the entrance of Columbia river, embracing the adjacent country, coast, and harbours, and embellished with views of two beautiful cataracts of the Missouri; the plan, on a large scale, of the connected falls of that river, as also of those of the falls, narrows, and great rapids of the Columbia, with their several portages. For the information of future voyagers, there will be added, in the sequel of this volume, some observations and remarks on the navigation of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, pointing out the precautions which must necessarily be taken, in order to ensure success, together with an itinerary of the most direct and practicable route across the continent of

North America, from the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers to the discharge of the Columbia into the Pacific Ocean.

Volume Second. Whatever properly appertains to geography, embracing a description of the rivers, mountains, climate, soil, and face of the country; a view of the Indian nations distributed over that vast region, showing their traditions, habits, manners, customs, national characters, stature, complexions, dress, dwellings, arms, and domestic utensils, with many other interesting particulars in relation to them: also observations and reflections on the subjects of civilizing, governing, and maintaining a friendly intercourse with those nations. A view of the fur trade of North America, setting forth a plan for its extension, and showing the immense advantages which would accrue to the mercantile interests of the United States, by combining the same with a direct trade to the East Indies through the continent of North America. This volume will be embellished with twenty plates, illustrative of the dress and general appearance of such Indian nations as differ materially from each other; of their habitations; their weapons and habiliments used in war; their hunting and fishing apparatus; domestic utensils, &c. In an appendix there will also be given a diary of the weather, kept with great attention throughout the whole of the voyage, showing also the daily rise and fall of the principal water-courses which were navigated in the course of the same.

Part the Second: in one Volume. This part of the work will be confined exclusively to scientific research, and principally to the natural history of those hitherto unknown regions. It will contain a full dissertation on such subjects as have fallen within the notice of the author, and which may properly be distributed under the heads of botany, mineralogy, and zoology, together with some strictures on the origin of prairies, the cause of the muddiness of the

Missouri, of volcanic appearances, and other natural phenomena which were met with in the course of this interesting tour. This volume will also contain a comparative view of twenty-three vocabularies of distinct Indian languages, procured by captains Lewis and Clark on the voyage, and will be ornamented and embellished with a much greater number of plates than will be bestowed on the first part of the work, as it is intended that every subject of natural history which is entirely new, and of which there are a considerable number, shall be accompanied by an appropriate engraving illustrative of it.

This distribution of the work has been made with a view to the accommodation of every description of readers, and is offered to the patronage of the public in such shape, that all persons wishing to become subscribers, may accommodate themselves with either of the parts, or the entire work, as it shall be most convenient to themselves.

Detached from this work, there will be published Lewis and Clark's Map of North America, from longitude 9° west, to the Pacific Ocean, and between 36° and 52° north latitude, with extensive marginal notes: dimensions five feet eight inches, by three feet ten inches: embracing all their late discoveries, and that part of the continent heretofore the least known. This map will be compiled from the best maps now extant, as well published as in manuscript, from the collective information of the best informed travellers through the various portions of that region, and corrected by a series of several hundred celestial observations, made by captain Lewis during his late tour.

The price of part the first, in two volumes, will be ten dollars, and that of part the second, in one volume, eleven dollars, delivered in boards. Price of the map, ten dollars.

M. LEWIS.

Subscriptions received by C. and A. Conrad & Co. (late John Conrad

& Co.), No. 30, Chesnut-street, Philadelphia.

W. W. Woodward, of Philadelphia, has just published an elegant edition of Adams's Lectures on Natural Philosophy, in four neat octavo volumes. This American edition has been prepared for the press and edited by Robert Patterson, professor of mathematics in the university of Pennsylvania. It contains two original essays by the American editor, viz. "A brief Outline of Modern Chemistry, compiled from the latest Authors:" and "A brief Outline of Physics, on Natural Philosophy, in the Form of a Collegiate Examination;" with upwards of forty plates.

There has lately appeared, from the press of T. and G. Palmer, a work entitled, *Philosophical Reflections on the Christian Religion*, by the Rev J. Moir, A. M., Curate and Lecturer of St. Dionis Back Church. Some account of this work will be given in the next number of this Magazine.

It appears, from a communication from the postmaster-general to Dr. Mitchill, published in the New York Medical Repository, that the number of post-offices in the United States amounted, in March, 1793, to 195; and that, in March, 1797, they had increased to 539, in March, 1801, to 957, in January, 1803, to 1283, and in January, 1807, to 1848. The length of the post roads has increased, between March, 1793, and January, 1807, from 5,642 to 31,616 miles. Since the 24th January, 1803, the convenience, utility, and security of mail coaches have been extended, in different parts of the United States, over post roads, to the distance of 3,085 miles, where they never had been contemplated previous to that period. Since the 3d of March, 1801, the post roads have increased 44½ per cent., the establishment of mail coaches has been increased 69½ per cent., the daily transportation of the mail by stages has increased 2,427 miles, and the whole daily transportation of the mail has increased 3,950 miles.

The amount of yearly transportation of the mails, January, 1807, has increased to 4,499,456 miles, of which distance it is carried

in stages	2,159,456 miles.
and on horse-back,	
or in sulkies	2,340,000
	<hr/>
	4,499,456 miles:

which proves that the daily progress of the mail exceeds 12,327 miles each day in the year.

Mr. Warden has forwarded from Paris to Dr. Mitchill, of New York, a specimen of crude antimony, which was taken from a vein of that metal at Sagherties, between Esopus and Kaatskill, in the state of New York. It is reported to exist there in considerable quantity. The sample examined by the French chemists was pronounced to be very good.

In the beginning of February last, an act of congress was passed, appropriating fifty thousand dollars to enable the president of the United States to cause a survey to be taken of the coasts, and of all the islands, shoals, roads, and places of anchorage, within twenty leagues of any part of the shores of the United States; as also the courses and distances between the principal capes and head-lands, and all such other matters as ought to be contained in an accurate chart. This survey is intended to embrace St. George's bank, and all other banks, shoals, soundings, currents, and memorable things, quite to the gulf stream.

A curious cave has been lately discovered near Madison's cave, in Virginia, which has excited considerable observation and curiosity. Its discovery was the effect of a singular accident. It is reported, that a trap for raccoons was placed at the mouth of a small hole, which was observed at the surface of the earth. On examining the success of his stratagem soon after, the owner observed that it had entangled a pole-cat, which, in attempting to escape into the hole, drew the trap after it. The owner, on widening

the hole, discovered that it led into a dark retreat. His curiosity being thus excited, he had lights immediately procured, which, upon entering the cave, discovered a new and most splendid scene to his astonished vision.

The height, length, width, direction, and contents of this singular cavity have been variously represented by different observers. Some have estimated its length and breadth at several hundred yards. Others have assigned it still more extraordinary dimensions. Some, whose imaginations are most vivid, have attempted to resemble this cavity under the earth to the splendid palaces on its surface; they have divided it into extensive splendid apartments, which they have fancifully adorned with curtains, festoons, sophas, and statues. But all agree that it is one of the most extraordinary caves which has ever been discovered in America, and, when illuminated by the light of candles, one of the most magnificent specimens of nature's productions which they have ever beheld.

The roof, the sides, and many parts of the floor are strewn with the most beautiful petrifications. These are almost of every species of form, colour, and consistence. Some are as transparent as glass; some are streaked, and others are tinged with the deepest hues; some are conical, and others of the most irregular form; some are as hard as adamant, and others are extremely porous, friable, and brittle. The basis of these crystals is principally calcareous earth or lime. There is not one of them which will strike fire with the flint, and of course there is no siliceous earth in their composition.

A monument to the memory of lord Nelson has been erected at Montreal, in Canada. It is a pillar of solid stone sixty feet high, surmounted by a figure of the gallant admiral in artificial stone, eight feet high upon the capital. Three sides of the pedestal are decorated with emblematical designs of his great victories

of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar; on the fourth an inscription, the most striking feature of which is the gallant hero's order, "*England expects every man to do his duty.*"

The emperor Napoleon has ordered appropriate gold medals to be given to the most distinguished promoters of vaccination in France. This honour has not been confined to physicians. In the *Rochelle Gazette* we find mentioned, that the abbe St. Medard, vicar-general of the bishopric of Rochelle, having acquired a knowledge of vaccination while resident in England, exerted himself, on his return to France, by his discourses, his writings, and experiments, to spread this new inoculation first through his parish, then through the district where he resided, and his benevolent exertions were crowned with the greatest success. The emperor, says the *gazette*, whose piercing and ever-watchful eye never omits any opportunity to stimulate the zeal of all discoveries useful to society, and beneficial to the human race, has ordered, after the application of the committee of vaccination at Paris, a medal to the abbe de St. Medard. The sub-prefect of Rochelle, wishing to give to the ceremony all the solemnity possible, invited all the authorities, military, civil, and judiciary, the bishop and his clergy, the gentlemen of arts, doctors of physic, and health officers, and members of different literary societies of Rochelle, and in the midst of this assembly the sub-prefect presented the abbe de St. Medard with the medal, which he accompanied with a discourse which discovered the talents of an able writer and a wise administrator.

The French have not confined their tokens of approbation to their

own nation, but have extended it to Dr. Waterhouse, the zealous and successful promoter of vaccination in the United States, who has been elected an honorary member of the national medical school at Paris, and several philosophical and medical societies in different parts of France.

The Society of Arts, Manufactures, &c., of London, has lately voted the silver medal for an invention of a machine for cutting paper and the edges of books, on three sides, at once fixing in the press. For this purpose, it is necessary that the book be placed at one end, and a support given to the plough beyond the part cut; there is, therefore, at each corner, a block moveable on the centre, so as to elongate alternately the side or end of the press. The press is as wide as the intended length of the book; at a distance from the end of it, equal to the required width of the book, is a stop, made somewhat like two combs, one fastened on each side, the teeth of one going into the interstices of the other, so that it may effectually prevent the book from falling too low, whether the press is open little or much. In the common press, the book is put in the middle, and there is a screw at each end to force the press together; but in this press, the book being put at one end, there is a screw about the middle to force the press together, and another screw at the lower end to force it open, and consequently press the book tighter, exactly on the principles of cabinet-makers' hand screws.

A late admeasurement of a degree of latitude, by some Swedish astronomers in Lapland, makes it 1,114,774 *metres*, or 57,200 *toises*. The degree measured by Maupertuis, in 1736, was 57,422 *toises*, more than the new, and probably more correct, admeasurement.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ODE.

HAPPY the man who, far retir'd
 From worldly cares, and ever-jarring strife,
 Passes in guiltless calm his life,
 With love of blessed peace inspir'd :
 Unmov'd by glitt'ring Fortune's charms,
 Who spurns the crowd that round her swarms ;
 Who, nobly scorning mad Ambition's tow'r,
 Pants not her high-brow'd steep to gain,
 With danger compass'd round,
 The loose-hung rock, and faithless ground ;
 Nor trusts the syren-voice that lures him on in vain.
 Secure, he, in Contentment's rosy bow'r,
 Nor ever feels a pang, nor knows a heavy hour.

Each day, each dawning day that gilds the sky,
 Renew'd to him fresh joys and pleasure brings :
 Lo, from his couch he vig'rous springs,
 From slumbers sweet that early fly,
 And breathes upon the flow'ry plain
 The fragrance of the gale again ;
 Or wanders down the hawthorn hedge's side,
 Where blooms the simple wild-rose sweet ;
 Or climbs the dusky hill,
 To gaze upon the prospect still,
 And Morning see advance with silver-slipper'd feet ;
 Till as she throws the purple lustre wide
 The gorgeous sun appears in all his radiant pride.

Oh ! who can view,
 Unmov'd, the beauties of the rising Morn,
 While nature, bath'd in sparkling dew,
 Smiles lovely thro' her lucid veil of light,

VOL. VII. NO. XLV.

While health's warm hues her cheeks adorn !

Sweet is the hymn the birds repeat,
 The lark's song from his misty height
 On tow'ring wing, the time to cheat !

On bed of freshest roses lying,
 Where zephyrs play around him sighing,

Delight half opes his humid eye ;
 While round him glide, in wanton measure,

The whisp'ring loves, and melting Pleasure,

And hail, in sportive wile, the blushing boy !

Warm darts the sun his noon-tide beams,

Atease, beneath the beechen shade reclin'd,

Lull'd by the murmurs of the wind,
 Around his head what visions stream !

Dear is the hour, to Fancy dear,
 On viewless wing who hovers near,
 And lifts the soul unclogg'd by low desire ;

Or glancing from her fairy scene,

He turns th' historic page,

The manners of past years to glean,
 And marks the blood-stain'd track of man from age to age ;

Or bending thought rapt o'er the golden lyre,

Invokes the heav'n-born muse, and wakes the warbling wire.

Yet not, yet haply not alone by these
 Sublim'd :—domestic cares the mind employ.

Blest source of pure unsullied joy,
 Which God with eye benignant sees !
 Around the sire, from sorrow free,
 His offspring throngs, with prattling glee,

While the fond partner of his blissful days

With look delighted gazes on,

And swelling breast of love,

Where Meekness makes her heav'nly throne,

Mild as the evening gale, soft as the faithful dove :

O'er her fine cheek the flush of rapture plays,

And from her tender eyes bright
beam the thrilling rays!

Not the proud dome,
Where Splendour sweeps along in
spangled vest,

Of Luxury the high pil'd home,
While at the gate stands ragged
shiv'ring Want,

And vainly tells her tale distress,
Does gracious Peace attend to
cheer;

And mild Content must shun the
haunt

Where guilty pleasures blast the
year.

She scorns the scenes of vacant Folly,
Her noisy train, and Mirth unholy,
That echoes round her gaudy shrine;

But still within the humble dwell-
ing,

In neat array, all pomp excelling,
Serene, resides her artless form di-
vine.

Behold the restless toiling son of
Care,

Whose sordid wishes speak the
grov'ling mind;

With thoughts of base controul con-
fin'd,

That varied pains his bosom tear.—

While eagerly the path he treads,

Where onward sullen Av'rice leads,
What dire attendants constant round
him stay,

And, vengeful, often strike the
blow

That stabs th' unshielded heart!

Remorse the parent sad of Woe,

And Disappointment there lifts high
her freezing dart;

And pale Mistrust, who strews with
thorns the way,

And feigning Falseness sly smiles
treach'rous on his prey!

Yet he, ev'n he, perhaps, a moment's
pow'r,

Has felt a wish within the wounded
breast,

That, as it rose, has sigh'd for rest,

Far from the city's busy hour;—

When wand'ring forth at Evening's
reign,

While Freshness breathes upon the
plain,

He sees the farms and cots around him
rise,

(What time meek Nature sheds a
balm

Upon the soften'd mind)

And thinks, in such a scene how
calm

His years would glide away, nor leave
one sting behind!

In vain:—as fades the pensive light it
dies,

And still the rugged path at morn
again he tries.

Oh! may my days,

In some secure retreat, some peaceful
shade,

Beam o'er my life with tranquil rays,
Where Nature lights with sweetest
charm the scene;

With Contemplation, holy maid!

And, 'mid the changes of the year,

Forget each grosser care unclean,

That wakes the ever-anxious fear;

Let Inspiration oft infusing

Her spirit o'er my lonely musing,

Descend in silent dreams at ev'n;

And Hope, her milder influence

lending,

When life's dread close is near, at-
tending,

Shall whisper charmed words, to
sooth the soul, of Heav'n!

G. W. C.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE TOMB OF ELLEN.

STRANGER! if, by worldly views,
Thy heart is dead to Love's con-
troul,

If feeling never nurs'd with dew

The rose of Passion in thy soul;—

Turn from this grave thy sullen tread,
For this is Pity's holiest shrine—

The lilies that surround the dead

Would shrink from such a hand as
thine.

But if thy breast with ardour warm

Beats to the thrilling glance of
Beauty;

If thou hast knelt to woman's charm

With all of Love's enraptur'd duty,

Then, Stranger, pause and linger here

(For Love and Pity seldom sever),

And pour the sighs to passion dear,
Where Ellen sleeps, alas! for ever!

Sweet maid ! within thy gentle breast
 Affection bloom'd, oh, how sincerely !
 And why did Fate, with frown un-
 blest,
 Break a fond heart that lov'd so
 dearly ?

Oft in sleep 'tis thy delight
 To bewilder Fancy's flight,
 And daunt the bravest men ;
 Who no waking terrors know,
 Sleeping fly a fairy foe,
 A Richard trembles then !
 C. E.

For cold beneath th' Atlantic wave
 Her lover found an icy pillow ;
 No flow'r to deck his lonely grave,
 No death-shroud but the foaming
 billow !

For the Literary Magazine.

A SONNET.

The spirit of the morn had sigh'd,
 Delighted o'er the rose's bloom,
 But Sorrow came with with'ring
 stride,
 And swept its beauty to the tomb.

Stranger ! if Love awakes your sighs
 (And Love and Pity seldom sever),
 Pause where that rose of beauty
 lies—

Where Ellensleeps, alas ! for ever !

W. A. R.

For the Literary Magazine.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, with feet that lightly tread,
 Ears that ev'ry whisper dread,
 And telescopic eye,
 Panting bosom, hair erect,
 Hastily hues thy face infect,
 Thy tresses wildly fly.

Goddess, leave me, nor dispense
 Here thy hated influence,
 Thou poison to content.
 For, oh Fear ! when thou art nigh,
 All the charms of Pleasure fly,
 Her votaries relent.

Now the dismal Night pervades,
 Spreading round her horrid shades,
 Thy reign despotic grows ;
 Thou frequent'st the church-yard
 haunt,
 List'ning to the raven's chaunt,
 And wind that hollow blows.

While a thousand fairies scream,
 And ideal tapers gleam,
 Diffusing horror round ;
 While a thousand fearful sights,
 Ghastly phantoms, wanton sprites,
 And hollow moan confound ;

Is there an art to make our eve of
 life
 Cheerful and radiant as the rosy
 morn,
 When dewy diamonds decorate the
 thorn ;
 When every sound's a spirit-stirring
 fife,
 That calls to joyous sport of glorious
 strife ;
 When, from the rising beams of fancy
 borne,
 Enchanting colours every scene adorn,
 And bliss seems granted in a bloom-
 ing wife !
 Yes ! there's an art, not difficult, but
 sure,
 To make our eve of life the morn excel ;
 Whence was the morn so rich ? from
 Hope's bright spell :
 Let age on heavenly ground fix hope
 secure,
 Ground given by God, that must like
 him endure :
 Then in sweet light the hoary sage
 may dwell.

For the Literary Magazine.

SUMMER.

A Sonnet.

NOW on hills, rocks, and streams, and
 vales, and plains
 Full looks the shining day. Our
 gardens wear
 The gorgeous robes of the consum-
 mate year,
 With laugh, and shout, and song
 stout maids and swains
 Heap high the fragrant hay a
 rough lanes

Rings the yet empty waggon. See
 in air
 The pendant cherries, red with
 tempting stains,
 Gleam through their boughs. Summer,
 thy bright career
 Must slacken soon in Autumn's milder
 sway;
 Then thy now heapt and jocund
 meads shall stand
 Smooth, vacant, silent, thro' th' ex-
 ulting land,
 As wave thy rival's golden fields, and
 gay
 Her reapers throng. She smiles,
 and binds the sheaves;
 Then bends her parting step o'er
 fall'n and rustling leaves.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE GOOSE PETITION.

A parody of "The Beggar's Petition."

PITY the sorrows of a poor old goose,
 Whose feeble steps have borne her
 to your door,
 Broke down with mis'ry, lame, and
 past all use,
 Oh! give me corn, and Heav'n will
 bless your store.

My feather'd coat, once lily-white and
 sleek,
 By cruel pluckings grown so bare
 and thin;
 These rags, alas! doth misery be-
 speak,
 And show my bones, just starting
 thro' the skin.

Come, Biddy, come, that well-known,
 pleasing sound
 Stole in soft murmurs from dame
 Partlet's farm;
 For plenty there, in youthful days, I
 found,
 So waddled on, unconscious then of
 harm.

Soon as I reach'd this once blest, hap-
 py cot,
 Feeding the pigs, came Partlet from
 the sty;
 More kicks than halfpence I too surely
 got,
 She seiz'd a broom-stick, and
 knock'd out my eye.

A bandy cur, sworn foe to all our race,
 Some few years past, when I was
 strong and plump,
 Who, if I hiss'd, would run and hide
 his face,
 Now boldly tears my breeches from
 my rump.

The wall-ey'd brute next bit me
 thro' the leg:
 A snotty boy too, out of wanton joke,
 For whom I've laid, ay, many and
 many an egg,
 Seiz'd up a stone, and this left pi-
 nion broke.

To go from hence you see I am not
 able;
 Oh! take me in, the wind blows
 piercing cold;
 Short is the passage to the barn or
 stable:
 Alas! I'm weak, and miserably old.

St. Michael's fatal day approaches
 near;
 A day we all have reason sure to
 curse;
 E'en at the name my blood runs cold
 with fear,
 So inimical is that saint to us.

You have misfortunes; why should I
 repine?
 We're horn for food to man, full
 well I know;
 But may your fate, ah! never be like
 mine,
 A poor old goose, of misery and
 woe.

A numerous flock elected me their
 queen;
 I then was held of all our race the
 pride;
 When a bold gander, waddling from
 Brook Green,
 Declar'd his love, and I became his
 bride.

Goslings we had, dear comforts of my
 life;
 But a vile cook, by some mad fancy
 bit,
 My pretty cacklers kill'd, then stuff'd
 with sage,
 And their sweet forms expos'd
 upon the spit.

The murd'ress next seiz'd on my tender mate ;

Alas ! he was too fat to run or fly ;
Like his poor infants yielded unto fate,

And with his giblets, cook, she made a pie.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old goose,
Whose feeble steps have borne her to your door,

Broke down with mis'ry, lame, and past all use,

"Oh ! give me corn, and Heav'n will bless your store.

For the Literary Magazine

THE WINTERY DAY.

The wint'ry day has many a charm,
The happy, gay Almeria said,
While circled by Horatio's arm,
And all the pomp of wealth display'd.

But little does Almeria know,
At ease on silken couch reclin'd,
What numbers dread the falling snow,
And shrink from the loud howling wind

Or sure, most sure, she would not say
That pleasure crowns the wint'ry day.

Yet Winter, tho' decrep't and old,
As we by poets have been told,
Pleasure's train is sure to bring,
If foster'd under Fortune's wing.

'Tis not her gay, her fav'rite race
Who fear his surly, wither'd face :
Ah no ! possess'd of ample store,
Engag'd in Mirth's enticing round,
They do not hear the north wind roar,

They do not hear the hail rebound,
Immerg'd in scenes, in visions gay,
They do not feel the wint'ry day.

Yet some there are, with soul benign,
Whose steps are trac'd to Mis'ry's haunt,

Led on by Charity divine,
Nor winds, nor drifting snows can daunt ;

Possess'd of homes, of mansions warm,
Yet face the rude, impetuous storm ;

Nor will they with Almeria say,
That pleasure crowns the wint'ry day.

For well they know the piercing wind,

Which all in vain may seek to find
An entrance in the rich man's dome,
Goes through and through the poor man's home,

And under cover, comfort send
To him who wants indeed a friend,
As though their talent solely lay
In lighting up the wint'ry day.

Fain would they feed the tribe at large,

Fain would they clothe, but want the pow'r ;

Yet, mindful of the heavenly charge,
They cheer the wretch's wint'ry hour :

Not that it may be known by man,
But Him who all our actions scan,
Who sees the heart, and knows the views

Which feeble man through life pursues.

"Here is my purse," Adolphus said,
"And buy you food and raiment warm,"

As he a helpless group survey'd,
All cluster'd round a drooping form.

"Want not," he said, "when I have pow'r

To cheer the dreary wint'ry hour ;
Unask'd I will your wants supply ;

The child are you, the steward I,
Of Him who lent, or gave in trust,
For what one day account I must."

E'en now, methinks, the voice is heard,

Though long the vision's disappear'd,
And will on every wint'ry day,
'Till Mem'ry's self is chas'd away.

Though he, so tender and humane,
Long slumb'ring with the dead has lain ;

The orphan's plaint no more he hears,

Nor sees the widow'd mother's tears ;
Nor hears the groans the aged make,
From hearts not yet too old to ach ;

They all may weep, groan o'er his
clay,
He minds nor them, nor wint'ry day.

SABINA.

February 1st, 1807.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONG.

By Mrs Opie.

THINK not, while gayer swains in-
vite
Thy feet, dear girl, to Pleasure's
bowers.
My faded form shall meet thy sight,
And cloud my Laura's smiling
hours.

Thou art the world's delighted guest,
And all the young admire is thine ;
Then I'll not wound thy gentle breast
By numb'ring o'er the wounds of
mine.

I will not say how well, how long,
This faithful heart has sigh'd for
thee,

But leave thee happier swains among,
Content if thou contented be.

But Laura, should Misfortune's wand
Bid all thy youth's gay visions fly,
From thy soft cheek the rose com-
mand,

And force the lustre from thine eye ;

Then, thoughtless of my own distress,
I'll haste thy comforter to prove ;
And Laura shall my *friendship* bless,
Altho', alas ! she scorns my *love*.

THE Editor, on closing his seventh volume, begs leave to return his grateful thanks for the additional patronage he has lately been favoured with, and to assure his readers, that no expence nor trouble shall be spared to render his miscellany more worthy of their favour. For this purpose he is endeavouring to secure a more extensive correspondence, and he has been promised the assistance of a number of literary gentlemen, with whose aid he will commence his next volume with fresh spirit and resolution, animated by the hope that he shall be amply rewarded by the cheering smiles of his readers. He has likewise taken steps to ensure a more regular supply of the European periodical works ; and, as he has early access to all the new publications, to give a greater variety and interest to his work, he will occasionally insert analyses of, and extracts from, such as shall appear to him most worthy of notice.

It shall be the study of the editor, as it always has been, on all occasions to avoid meddling with politics : convinced that the rancorous passions engendered by party rage tend more to obstruct than facilitate the progress of literature, it shall be his endeavour to allay and soothe them, by turning the attention of his readers to more pleasing objects ; and though this course may draw on him the censure of zealots, it cannot fail ultimately to give general satisfaction.

An accurate list of the marriages and deaths in the course of the month, which occur throughout the union, together with those of celebrated characters in other countries, will be given in the next number, and regularly continued. A correct statement of the price of stocks will likewise be given, from one of the most respectable offices in this city.

It has been suggested to the editor that his publication might be rendered more generally useful, by a reduction in price, as it would thereby be brought within the scope of a much greater number of readers. Accordingly, it will be henceforth published at the price of four dollars per annum, and each number, appearing as usual on the first of the month, shall contain sixty-four pages, making one large volume yearly. A copious index will accompany the last number of each volume.

*** The new subscribers to this magazine can be supplied with complete sets, from the commencement to the time of their subscribing, either in numbers or half bound, by applying to the publishers.

INDEX

TO

THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

-
-
- ABBEY of St. Dennis, a visit to, 380
 Absence, effects of, 447
 Accomplishments, only of secondary importance in education, 91
 Advice, seldom productive of good, 214
 Agricultural Society of Philadelphia, premiums offered by, 39
 Alfred, apostrophe to, 253
 American history, review of, 324
 Amsterdam, view of, 106
 Ancient epic poem, on the machinery of, 223, 269
 Ancient mythology, contrived with great skill and beauty, 101
 ———, a miserable machinery, 223
 Ancient superstitions and manners, on, 457
 Ancient times, specimen of the gallantry of, 214
 Anecdotes, 452
 Anniversary address, delivered before the American Literary Association, 323
 Antimony, discovery of in the state of New York, 465
 Association of goblins and sprights with darkness, on the, 116
 Atheism, unnatural to man, 257
 Attachment of mothers to their young, on the, 271
 Bagpipe, influence of the, an anecdote, 278
 Bankrupt law of Hamburg, abstract of, 218
 Batavia, character and manners of the inhabitants of, 289
 ———, unwholesomeness of its climate, 291
 Birds, language of, 427
 Bengal, account of the soil and climate of, 168
 Boileau, anecdotes of, 424
 Booshuanos, the, a civilized African tribe, account of, 83
 Burns, traits of the character of, 429
 Caprice of public taste, 298
 Carron-works, account of the, 25
 Cat, anecdote of a, 268
 Cave, description of a, in Virginia, 465
 Chesterfield, lord, anecdote of, 452
 Christianity, ardour of the first disciples of, 102
 Classical literature, anti-christian and immoral tendency of, 386, 403
 Clouds, on the formation of, 186
 Cochinchina, revolutions in, 193
 Collins, the poet, 298
 Constantinople, present state of, 138, 172
 Cotton plantations in Louisiana, expences and products of, 55
 Courtship, thoughts on, 214
 Country of beauty, the, 264
 Cow-pox, review of various publications on, 228, 302
 ———, origin of, 231
 ———, violent controversy respecting, 232
 Cowper, character of, 372
 ———, comparison of his genius with that of Burns, 436
 Curl, Edmund, sketch of, 129
 Currants, a cure for consumption, 395
 Death, thoughts on, 170
 Description of a young lady taking the veil, 114
 Desire of gain, on the, 357
 Desultory thoughts, 446

INDEX.

- Detached thoughts, 91
 Dice, excessive fondness of the ancient Germans for, 458
 Discovery of the cow-pox, Dr. Jenner's account of, 230
 Disinterestedness of the vaccinists, 235
 Docility of the dog, 443
 Dogs, interesting account of, 441
 Dognon, Stephen, account of his ingenious inventions, 113
 Duclos, anecdote of, 346
 Duke of Brunswick, memoir of, 413
 Duke of Ormond, anecdote of, 129
 Dutch inn, description of a, 106
 Dutch *musico*, description of, 107
 Dutch stage, history of, 283
 Dutch tulip-mania, 107
 Eliza, a fragment, 90
 Elvira, 271
 English ladies, a Frenchman's observations on, 118
 English synonymy, 300
 Evidence, medical law of, 308
 Execration to the mind what phlebotomy to the body, 430
 Falls of the Passaic, description of, 260
 False pride characterized, 446
 Fashion, influence of, 118
 Felix Meritis, account of that society, 107
 Female biography, 352
 Female character, picture of the, 347
 Female education, advantages of, 57
 Ferney, a visit to, 20
 Fidelity of the dog, remarkable instances of, 442
 Fool's errand, a, 457
 Fox, Charles James, Godwin's character of, 383
 French gallantry, specimen of, 345
 French history, remarks on, 103
 French stage, on the, 192
 French theatres, list of, 296
 Frenchman, anecdote of a, 347
 Friendship, 170
 Friendship, essay on, 130
 F. R. S., or Fool Robin Simpson, 456
 Funeral of Klopstock, the German poet, 342
 Gallantry, anecdotes of, 350
 ———, definition of, 68
 Galvanic fluid, influence of on vegetable infusions, 152
 Gaming, anecdote on, 129
 Gibbon, anecdotes of, 107
 ———, a noble sentiment of, 297
 Gold, prodigious effects of in cooling hot blood and martial spirits, 345
 Goldsmith, anecdotes of, 458
 Greenland bill of fare, a, 346
 Hamburg, amount of failures in, from 1798 to 1804, 223
 Heathen gods, their character contemptible and highly immoral, 223
 Henry IV, of France, anecdote of, 127
 Hermitage of Rousseau, a visit to, 382
 Highland anecdote, 352
 Highlanders, on the persons, dress, and manners of, 277
 History, on the moral influence of, 248
 ———, proper method of studying, 251
 Homer and Milton, comparative view of the supernatural agency displayed in their poems, 92
 Honour, in what does it consist? 216
 Human form, most perfect in temperate climates, 264
 Husbands, advice to, by a lady, 196
 Hypocrisy and atheism compared, 447
 Ice, method of obtaining in Bengal, 169
 Jealousy, a picture of, 299
 Jersey farmer, characteristics of, 28
 Imaginary spectres, curious memoir respecting, 363
 Immortality of the soul, new argument in favour of, 116
 Indian ladies in Batavia, account of the, 293
 Indolence, dissuaves from, 458
 Inoculation, variolous, when first introduced into Europe, 229
 ———, increased mortality caused by, ib.
 Johnson, Dr., and the king, anecdote of, 455
 Ireland, a panegyric on, 18
 Klopstock, memoirs of, 335
 Knighthood, a little girl's account of, 446
 Lady viper, description of the, 385
 La Fontaine, anecdote of, 298
 Laura, biographical sketch of, 352
 Law of nations, origin of, 413
 Lee, general, anecdote of, 455
 Letter from a lady, giving a strange account of her daughter, 92
 Libelling, observations on, 58
 Life, opposite views of, 299
 Literary and philosophical intelligence, 151, 160, 317, 393, 460
 Literary disputes, folly of, 299
 Literary societies, origin and use of, 327
 Lope de Vega, biographical sketch of, 203
 Lord Mansfield, anecdotes of, 145
 Louis XVI, a republican's character of, 107.
 Louisiana, remarks on the population, culture, and products of, 45
 Love of reading, value of, 297

INDEX.

- Love of country, a universal characteristic of human nature, 323
- Machiavel, defence of, 33
- Malta, curious amusements at, 216
- Man and woman, a dialogue, 274
- Manners and character of the middle ages, 3
- Manufactory of stoneware, description of a, 121
- Manure, different kinds of, 153
- Marmontel, character of, 15
- Marriage ceremonies of the ancient Germans, 458
- Mediterranean current, cause of, 441
- Melange, the, 57, 115, 214, 297, 345, 444
- Men of genius, on the sensibilities and eccentricities of, 294
- Metrical romances, essay on the English, 3
- Military history, observations on, 35
- Minstrels, some account of the, 6
- "Miseries of Human Life," account of, and extracts from, 71
- Modern tragedies, whimsical divisions of, 346
- Moliere, anecdote of, 425
- Moon, baleful influence of in Batavia, 291
- Moore, review of his poems, 60
- Morality of the stage, 215
- Murder, a fruitful topic in modern novels, 412
- Mysterious traveller, account of a, 124
- Mythology of the Greeks and Romans, remarks on, 101
- Nature Displayed, new edition of, 71
- Navigation, crows used in, 116
- Neapolitan noblesse, ignorance of, 203
- Nelson's monument, 465
- New improvement in book-binding, 466
- New York, description of, 120, 187
———, compared with Philadelphia, 258
- Night, thoughts on, 448
- Ninon de L'Enclos, review of the memoirs and letters of, 66
- Normandy, the cradle of minstrelsy, 6
- Novel, a whimsical German one, 16
- Novels, cause of their popularity, 410
- Objections to the study of history, 252
- Old English romances, character and manners of the middle ages delineated by, 3
- Old man and his dog, the, 379
- Olo, the, 90, 170, 360
- Origin of the salique law, an anecdote, 299
- Oyster, natural history of the, 449
- Passions, on the expression of the, 22
- Percy, bishop, the first who turned the public attention towards the English metrical romances, 4
- Perth Amboy, description of, 30
- Petrarch, vision of, 356
- Philosophy of an ant, 439
- Pitt and Fox, portraits of, by an American, 30
- Plurality of Worlds, Fontenelle's, 446
- Poetry and painting, coalition between, 135
- Poets, remarks on, 294
- Politeness, essays on, 275, 377
- Political controversy compared to prize-fighting, 58
- Pompeii, description of, 24
- Post offices in the United States, 465
- Poverty, Burns' address to, 430
- Presumption of philosophy, 438
- Prodigal, the, 171
- Prussia, statistical view of, 163
- Pythagoras, enigma of, 447
- Quacks, tricks of, 309
- Rage, how expressed, 23
- Rammezan, or Turkish lent, how kept, 172
- Reflector, the, 133, 275, 448
- Religion, power of, 171
- Religious ceremonies of the ancient Germans, 457
- Remarkable inscription, 365
- Rio de Janeiro, description of the harbour of, 447
- Romance, origin of the word, 6
- Roscus, the young, biographical anecdotes of, 366
- Running in debt, extreme folly of, 347
- Rural tortures, 73
- Sagacity of the dog, 443
- Schmidt, his letter to the king of Prussia, 457
- Scraps, 171
- Sculpture, a bad school for painters, 17
- Sea salt, a powerful manure, 153
- Select sentences, 362
- Shakespeare gallery at New York, some account of, 191
- Sketch of a poet, 431
- Slave trade, proceedings of the British parliament respecting, 25
- Slavery not known in the inland parts of Africa, 85
- Small-pox sometimes occurs twice in the same person, 311, 314
- Social life, miseries of, 93
- Spanish stage, historical sketch of, 210
- Specimens of the writings of the anti-vaccinists, 237, 302
- Stage, the, in France, the surest road to distinction and riches, 15

INDEX.

Stature and bodily powers of the ancients, 281
 Story-tellers, Turkish, finesse of, 172
 Study of history, the, of no use to the generality of readers, 252
 ———, one of the causes of vice and atheism, 257
 Sugar plantations in Louisiana, expence and products of, 50—52
 Superstition, the present age not entirely free from, 444
 Switzerland and the Swiss, sketch of, 21
 Taste, essay on, 143
 Thomson, the poet, anecdote of, 452
 Thorns, new method of raising, 44
 Thunder, cause of, 186
 Time, how he should be painted, 300
 Toleration, liberal definition of, 108
 Tragical anecdote, 130
 Traveller's letters, a, 28, 119, 187, 258, 332
 True pride, characterized, 446
 Turkish sumptuary laws, 173
 Turkish wit, specimen of, 174
 Vaccination, advantages of, 305
 Vaccination medals, 466
 Vaccine inoculation, when first introduced, 231
 Valentine and Orson, account of the splendid melo-drame of, 144
 Vice unnatural to man, 257
 Virginian cave, description of a, 465
 Virtuous woman, Solomon's description of a, 348
 Volcanic islands, 202
 Voltaire, anecdotes of, 452, 456
 Wallian laws, curious particulars of, 58
 Walpole, sir Robert, correspondence of, 345
 ———, anecdote of, 452
 Washington compared with Timoleon, 360
 Wife, portrait of a, 346
 Winter, thoughts on, 408
 Wit, definition of, 445
 Wonders, 445
 Young lady, letter to one, on her entrance into life, 197
 Ywain and Gawain, an ancient romance, 5
 Zara, tragedy of, curious circumstance respecting, 452
 Zimmerman, Dr., memoirs of, 175, 243

POETRY.

Address to my heart, 78
 Ague, extraordinary remedy for, 11
 Americans, Moore's strictures on, 65
 Burns, lines written on the anniversary of the birth of, 397
 Candle, to a, 77
 Charlotte, to, 79
 Choice of life, the, 399
 English metrical romances, specimens of, 9, 11, 13
 Epigrams, 58, 400
 Epitaph on Voltaire, 21
 Extempore lines on a miniature, 361
 Faste of O'Connor, description of, 19
 Goose petition, the, a parody, 470
 Happy marriage, the, 79
 Horrible banquet of Richard Cœur de Lion, 11
 Impromptu on hearing the church bell, 91
 Life's four senses, 399
 Lines written extempore, 472
 Love, what it is, 299
 Love and Idleness, beautiful lines of Shakspeare's, 58
 Maid's choice, the, 159
 Memory, to, 318
 Merlin, the midwife's address to, 9
 Mirepoix, madame de, lines to, 345
 Moore's compositions described by Spenser, 63
 Moore's Epistles, Odes, &c., specimens of, 63, 64, 65
 My dear paternal home, 239
 Ode, 467
 Ode to Fear, 469
 Rose, the, 171
 Sinners and the skulls, the, 400
 Snow-spirit, verses on, 64
 Song, 472
 Sonnet, a, 469
 Stanza on a lady holding a child in her arms, 64
 Stanzas on the discoveries of captain Lewis, 159
 Summer, a sonnet, 419
 Tam O'Shanter, quotations from, 435
 The tear, 320
 The tomb of Ellen, 468
 Wintry day, the, 471

